





A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Push It Along"

[Verse 1: Q-Tip]

Q-Tip is my title.

I don't think that is vital for me to be your idol,
But dig this recital.

If you can't envision a brother who ain't dissin',
Slingin' this and that, 'cause this and that was missin'.
Instead, it's been injected, the Tribe has been perfected.

Oh yes, it's been selected, the art makes it protected.

Afrocentric livin', Africans be givin'

A lot to the cause 'cause the cause has been risen.

Some brothers, they be flammin', thinkin' we ain't slammin',
Comin' off like the days where we used to wear the tans and
A blue-collar talker, a hemisphere stalker,

A glass of O.J and a ten mile walk-a.

If you're in a Jeep and you dig what you're hearin',

Can I get a beep and a side order of cheerin'?

I am what I am, that's a tribal man.

We all know the colours, we all must stand.

As we start our travels, things they will unravel.

"Que sera sera", for this unit is like gravel.

Won't be gone for long, listen to the song.

If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus:]

Push it along, push it along.

Push it along, yeah, push it along. [x4]

[Verse 2: Pfeife, Q-Tip]

Put one up for the Pfeife, it's time to decipher.

The ills of the world make the situation lighter.

The clock is always tickin', the systems should be kickin'.

Like [?] ham and eggs, I eat chicken, chicken, chicken.

Should I release the lever, the lever of the clever,

Embelish on the funk as we start to endeavour?

The wraughts of the rap filling up the gap

With the smash of a hand and a little toe tap.

The boom, the bip, the boom bip

Indicates to the brothers that we be on the flip tip.

Phonies start to crumble, funky rhythm rumbles

Through the dance-hall, but my anthem is humble.

It's the nitty-gritty, my time is itty-bitty,

So I kick the slash for the gipper and the witty.

This ain't trial and error, more like tribe and error,

Constantly rude as some sort of tribal terror.

The street can't depart from the bloody heart.

Repair the wear and tear, don't start 'fore it starts.

Won't be gone for long, listen to the song.

If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Q-Tip]

Marchin' off the project, we hope that you will subject.

It's good to be an object and never, ever reject.

The tribe who meanders with drunken propoganda,

Keep it in boom and never will we slander.

[?] should be handed, don't let me demand it.

Money gives a nudge to the poet star bandit.

Control it, then recluse it, follow, you won't lose it.

Mysterious is the tribe for we choose it.

Although she's flippin' crazy, give my love to Gracy.

God, could you help 'cause this Quest is crazy spacey?

The pigs are wearin' blue, and in a year or two,

We'll be goin' up the creek in a great big canoe.

What we gonna do, save me and my brothers?

Hop inside the bed and pull over the covers.

Never will we do that and we ain't tryin' to rule that.

We just want a slab of the ham, don't you know, black?

This society of fake reality

Are nothin' but a peg of informality.

While I sing my song, sing it all day long,

If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Luck of Lucien"

[Verse 1: Q-Tip]

Brother, brother, brother, Lucien, you're like no other.
Listen very close 'cause I don't like to boast.
Instead, I'll tell the tale of a French who prevailed
Through the Mr. Crazy Rabbits who were always on his tail.
[?] on sale, your rumour starts to wail.
Get caught with stolen goods and you will go to jail.
If you go to jail, then who will pay the bail?
They'll put you back to France on a ship with a sail.
Escargot, Lucien, you eat snails.
(Hey yo Tip, what's wrong with snails?)
From the Zulu nation, from a town called Paris,
Came to America to find liberty.
Instead of finding pleasure, all you found was misery,
But listen, Lucien, you have a friend in me.
Oh, luck luck will drive you butt daddy.
Next time you get some wheels, make it a Caddy.
In terms of doing good, I know you wish you really could,
But listen, brother man, I really think you can.
Succeed with the breed of the brothers on your back.
It's the creme de la creme, and you can bounce with that.
It'll take a minute, rice, so take my advice.
Trust in us, and thus you trust in your life.
Lucine, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien.
You should know!

[Verse 2: Q-Tip]

Are you ready, Lu?
This one is for you,
Comin' from a true-blue, fits like a shoe.
Como esta usted or como talle vu?
Lucien, I'll leave it up to you.
Voulez vous (vous).
Endez vous (vous).
Coo-coo (coo).
Les poo-poo (poo)
Watch that lass, gonna backlash fast.
Can you get a grip on the crackhead dip?
Sold you a paper bag, guess he saw you comin',
VCR from a neck-bone bummin',
\$10 brother, he was hummin' and strummin',
Only had 20, he was livin' like ya slummin',
Gave him the money, well, I thought that was somethin',
Lookin' like a kid who was lost in crumbin'.
Don't worry about a thing, I won't get specific.
This is a song that is long and prolific.
Think of the stuff that I said if you can.

Figure it out, compute, understand.
No problemo, I'll help you with your demo
If you go to the store for me.
Lucien, I'm just kiddin'.
You should know!

[Verse 3: Q-Tip]

You gotta get a grip on the missions you'll be takin',
Not so much the mission, but you got crazy ignition.
Sure, the sugar-babies wanna give you a chance
With the French "savoir faire" and the sexy dance,
But is she really fly, or is she a guy?
I won't ask why, 'cause I know that you try.
You try too hard, is that the answer to the riddle?
Instead of doin' so much, why don't you do just a little?
Boy, what a cad, I guess we shouldn't treat him bad.
In fact, it would be nice if we understood him like
A case of positionin' the feet in the shoes,
Sympathetic reason in the case of the blues.
Lucien is blue, even though he's really brown.
I had to make the sound, his life is too profound.
On the up-and-up, he's somethin' like a little pup,
Young and naive, it's hard to believe.
As long as you're strong, you can quest with the questers,
Jolly like a jumping bean or a jester.
Lucien, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien.
You should know!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"After Hours"

[Chorus:]

After Hours it was cool [x8]

[Q-Tip:]

Ten after one I think I'll hop the horse
Downtown late of three of course
Just came from fishing couldn't get a catch
Downtown they'll probably have a batch
A whitened sandwich and a Guinness stout
But with the bail though I had a bout
So I exchanged it for some apple juice
I had the blues but I shook them loose
A jeep is blasting from the urban streets
Loots of funk over hardcore beats
The moon dabbles in the morning sky
As the minutes just creep on by
I get a thought and hear comes my Tribe
Ritual shakes and in good vibes
Like always the Quest begins
In the mist though but the ryth's move in
We find a spot and we sit and chat
Speaking on the status quo of rap
A derelick makes a real long speach
We pay attention to the words he read
When he was done we rattled on
There was no lunch because it wasn't dawn
We pointed things out about this times
The worlds famons and the crazy crimes
Inflation of the nation, it bothers me
I better go gold, to pay the taxes
Gotta be swift society
The man whose made is the man who maxes
The grounds for living are being discussed
As we go it gets close to dusk
Gather thoughts and savor breath
Cause there's only a few hours left

[Chorus:]

After Hours it was cool [x8]

[Q-Tip:]

Me ohh my, hey-hey, hey-hey
The human hours are here to stay
This is how it seems [?] my witness
Bug out all night, ask Phife, he's with this
Girls be screaming on this conversation
I have my two cents for a revelation

And my watch continuously tic-tocs
Shaheed will bring up the beats that rocks
I hear the frogs and the smashing of bottles
A car revs up and I hear it trotte
It probably moves with the morning wind
Ohh my God, here's Phife again
[?] talking about last nights game
Trying to remember someone's name
So hear the frogs dancing in the streets
Once again Ali will bring up the beat
Like this

[Sounds of frogs]

[*Q-Tip:*]
The beat is over and so is the night
The sun is risen and the shine is bright
We all say peace and go our separate ways
Youth is fading as we gain our days
Expedition for the song is simp'
The hours creep, excuse me, I mean limp
As we go you hear a gasp of laugh
As we start up our rhythmic path
Like this

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Footprints"

[Q-Tip]

As we start trudgin, me and my brothers we be lookin and be buggin
Vehicles of life they be rollin and be mergin
Searchin for the virgins of life
that be shovin out the door that's crack
The valleys of time, are always on my feet
As least the beat will combine
The calluses and corns with the funky bassline
You don't need underdog for a nickel shoeshine or the shoes that's phat
Well can I get a level on the bass and on the treble
Footin up and down like a UNLV Rebel
The answer be amongst us cos we rarely dig acoustics
Can't be too much flackin, not too much packin
You must container that at least to dip your hand in rap
Your feet will be infectious so at least realise the fact
The rhythms are inserted and the nurse can be converted
This ain't rock 'n' roll cos the rap is in control
If you're a megastar, worth will buy you a car
I'd rather go barefootin, for prints I will be puttin
all over the earth if we can get there first
Now that we are in it, footprints are bein printed
So fi you recognise em, you can try to size em
They'll probably be the ones with the size not fryin
all over reveal, you won't have to yield
If you want protection you can hide behind the shield

[Q-Tip]

You can game on the gallons if you really need to rock
But we walk while we talk as we stompin through the block
Hand in hand 'cross the land as Muhammad cross the fade
It's a Tribe who meanders, precious like a jade
It's a art, Theo arch rhymes the ground placed upon
The mind will unwind, it will soft to beyond
Catch the track, track by track, get a map to track a trail
You will find yourself behind for a map does not prevail
See the levels peakin as the rhythms keep-a screechin
A Quest, oh yes a Quest, inside the jam I will keep preachin
the point, oh yes the point, because it's close but yet so far
The loudiness is ringin as we scoot across the star
We are bulgin, I'm indulgin in a rat-a-tat-tat
Explanation for the liners that the rhythm is phat
Keep it wild, wide and deep, you could dig it in a jeep
But dig it in the ground because the foot print now

[Q-Tip]

If there's a storm that's brewin, it won't keep us from doin
our thing as we start swingin, travellin is bringin

joy inside the domes as we hit the road to roam/Rome
A chair is not a chair, a house is not a home
Because my skin is brown, yo I'm gonna do the town
Rub it in the face and rub my feet all through the place
When you get your finger on the music it'll linger
Sing a song o' sixpence, sing it like a singer
A Nubian, a Nubian, a proud one at that
Remember me, the brother who said "Black is black"
You can come by request, I don't play, I don't dress
Get emotions off your chest, we are black, we the best
Makin moves, makin motions, flowin like an ocean
The walkin will continue, we know that we will bring you
the times that you have waited, more anticipated
Be gone but not for long because the feet will stay strong

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"I Left My Wallet in El Segundo"

My mother went away for a month-long trip
Her and some friends on an ocean-liner ship
She made a big mistake by leaving me home
I had to roam so I picked up the phone
Dialed Ali up to see what was going down
Told him I pick him up so we could drive around
Took the Dodge Dart, a '74
My mother left a yard but I needed one more
Shaheed had me covered with a hundred greenbacks
So we left Brooklyn and we made big tracks
drove down the Belt, got on the Conduit
Came to a toll, we paid and went through it
Had no destination, we was on a quest
Ali laid in the back so he could get rest
Drove down the road for two-days-and-a-half
The sun had just risen on a dusty path
Just then a figure had caught my eye
A man with a sombrero who was four feet high
I pulled over to ask were we was at
His index finger he tipped up his hat
"El Segundo," he said, "my name is Pedro
If you need directions, I'll tell you pronto"
Needed civilization, some sort of reservation
He said a mile south, there's a fast food station
Thanks, senor, as I start up the motor
Ali said, "Damn, Tip, why you drive so far for?"

(Well describe to me what the wallet looks like)

Anyway a gas station we passed
We got gas and went on to get grub
It was a nice little pub in the middle of nowhere
Anywhere would have been better
I ordered enchiladas and I ate 'em
Ali had the fruit punch
When we finished we thought for ways to get back
I had a hunch
Ali said, "Pay for lunch"
So I did it
Pulled out the wallet and I saw this wicked beautiful lady
She was a waitress there
Put the wallet down and stared and stared
To put me back into reality, here's Shaheed:
"Yo, Tip, man, you got what you need?"
I checked for keys and started to step
What do you know, my wallet I forgot

Yo, it was a brown wallet, it had props numbers
Had my jimmy hats I got to get it man

Lord, have mercy
The heat got hotter, Ali stars to curse me
I fell bad but he makes me feel badder
Chit-chit-chatter, car stars to scatter
Breaking on out, we was Northeast bound
Jettin' on down at the seepd of sound
Three days coming and three more going
We get back and there was no slack
490 Madison, we're here, Sha
He said, "All right, Tip, see you tomorrow"
Thinking about the past week, the last week
Hands go in my pocket, I can't speak
Hopped in the car and torpe'ed to the shack
Of Shaheed, "We gotta go back" when he said
"Why?" I said, "We gotta go
'Cause I left my wallet in El Segundo"

Yeah, I left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
I gotta get, I got-got ta get it

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Pubic Enemy"

[Red Alert:]

Check this out, Cool DJ Red Alert

With my man, Q-Tip

[Q-Tip:]

In the morning, woke up from sexual pleasures

Looked at her sexual partner

Who acquainted her acquaintance

Five hours ago at a disco

She went lower than low, into limbo

A thought crossed the mind, her, a bimbo

She answered no, so she had to go...on with the program

Creedence, it seems that I've forgotten your name

But it seems that she's done the same

And now something has happened

Suddenly, she's been distracted

By something that has been attracted

She poked and poked and smacked at it

Then she broke down and she scratched it

Now, I think you understand

Clinic, saw the doctor flex his biceps

Then he picked up a pair of forceps

Her pretty face showed fright

Right then and there, she fainted

A really grim picture is painted

The brotha who she acquainted

Was the enemy, scary ain't it?

The Pubic Enemy

[Red Alert:]

Yeeeeeeeaaaaahhhhhh!!!

Let me tell you more about pubic enemy

Ay, Q-Tip

[Q-Tip:]

Old King Cole was a merry old soul

Had a lady queen, married since 18

He protested, that he was infested

Get lots of love and he couldn't digest it

All propaganda, one big fat lie

Cuz I see the king with my very own eye

Schemed and schemed like a crack fiend king

And poppin up on the teammates scene

And poppin and pimpin on hunnies with moneys

Whole situation to me, was kinda funny

He hold the crown but not the jimmy hat

Now he wears a frown and the jimmy hates that

So the fair maiden in the royal bedroom
Caught the king scratchin, so she had to assume
That he got vicked by the enemy's trick
The thought of cheatin made the maiden so sick
That she screamed and screamed, went on and kept screamin
Threw a pot and his dome was beamin
You could hear him yellin in the motherland
"Baby, baby please. Baby, understand."
She ignored and walked through the gate
The king is in the kingdom to await his fate...of the enemy
The Pubic Enemy

[Q-Tip and Red Alert:]
Propmaster(yeah) Please listen to me(what?)
Something lurkin by the JimBrowski
(Who? Jenny?)
No, not propulated
A horrible creature that must be penetrated
He gets all into ya, then he tries to do ya
You better run fast, he's gonna pursue the...
(What? Yo listen here. Propmaster whiz, no one fears...)
Oh, the caves know, just thought I'd let ya know
How he lives and how he go
Watch yourself when you're out on the run
The enemy is missed, we'll have too much fun
There's four friends of mine that thought they were bad
And laid up this girl, so now, they're sad
They scratched and scratched like it was Saturday and...

[Red Alert:]
Listen here. This is Cool DJ Red Alert
Known as the true, the only, the very one, the Propmaster
There's only one thing I gotta tell ya
There's a whole lotta propmasters out there. You know what I mean
Shaheed a propmaster, Q-Tip a propmaster
The Jungle Brothers a propmaster, BDP a propmaster
45 King a propmaster
I won't tell you nuthin bout the ladies, they ain't no propmaster
But you know who's the main propmaster
MEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Bonita Applebum"

[Intro: Q-Tip]

Do I love you?
Do I lust for you?
Am I a sinner cuz I do the two?
Could you let me know
Right now, please
Bonita Applebum

[Chorus:]

Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on [x4]

[Q-Tip:]

[pause between every verse]
Hey Bonita, glad to meet ya
For the kind of stunning newness, I must have foreseen ya
Hey, being with you is a top priority
Ain't no need to question the authority
Chairman of the board, the chief of affections
You got mine's to swing in your direction
Hey, you're like a hip hop song, you know?
Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on

[Chorus]

38-24-37 (uh, uh, uh!)
You and me, hun, we're a match made in heaven
I like to kiss ya where some brothas won't
I like to tell ya things some brothas don't
If only you could see through your elaborate eyes
Only you and me, hun, the love never dies
Satisfaction, I have the right tactics
And if you need 'em, I got crazy prophylactics
So far, I hope you like rap songs
Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Can I Kick It?"

[Q-Tip]

Can I kick it? (Yes, you can!) [7X]

Well, I'm gone (Go on then!)

Can I kick it? To all the people who can Quest like A Tribe does
Before this, did you really know what live was?
Comprehend to the track, for it's why cuz
Gettin measures on the tip of the vibers
Rock and roll to the beat of the funk fuzz
Wipe your feet really good on the rhythm rug
If you feel the urge to freak, do the jitterbug
Come and spread your arms if you really need a hug
Afrocentric living is a big shrug
A life filled with *HORN* that's what I love
A lower plateau is what we're above
If you diss us, we won't even think of
Will Nipper the doggy give a big shove?
This rhythm really fits like a snug glove
Like a box of positives is a plus, love
As the Tribe flies high like a dove

[Phife Dawg]

Can I kick it? (Yes, you can!) [7X]

Well, I'm gone (Go on then!)

Can I kick it? To my Tribe that flows in layers
Right now, Phife is a poem sayer
At times, I'm a studio conveyor
Mr. Dinkins, would you please be my mayor?
You'll be doing us a really big favor
Boy this track really has a lot of flavor
When it comes to rhythms, Quest is your savior
Follow us for the funky behavior
Make a note on the rhythm we gave ya
Feel free, drop your pants, check your ha-ir
Do you like the garments that we wear?
I instruct you to be the obeyer
A rhythm recipe that you'll savor
Doesn't matter if you're minor or major
Yes, the Tribe of the game, rhythm player
As you inhale like a breath of fresh air

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Youthful Expression"

[Q-Tip:]

The taste of nuthin, this does somethin
Moms that knows that, says I'm frontin
Call me Smiley, cuz I'm wiley
Livin life like the life of Riley
Smokin blunts with a boy named Bud
We cough up your lungs, cough up your cud
Put out fires, with a 40, ounce of water
You know you oughta
Dance to this, your girl you kiss
I like fried foods, especially fish
Afrocentric, I'm electric
Socialistic and eccentric
Body's healthy, mind is wealthy
Thoughts, they flow, that will prepare me
To be a Native, get creative
Original and designative
Listen to the line that's playin
Listen hard to what Q's sayin
Politicians are magicians
Make your vote, they hope your wishin
Ambiguous words, senseless verbs
They all amount to crap that's heard
Violent hip hop, money flip flops
Promoters won't book, but it still rocks
I'm a Zulu, yes, a true blue
Red Alert is with the poo-poo
Ozone layer, loses flava
Here's the edge that you will savor

[Jarobi:]

The economy...politics...police...everything
Except for the youth
But the youth about to come back

[Q-Tip(voice distorted):]

Alright, here they come
Uh oh, uh oh, uh!

[Q-Tip:]

With expressions and I'm guessin
19 years is a youthful lesson
Fallin skies babe, open eyes babe
Can't you see what lays inside babe
Makin mentions on this tension
Rhythmic lovin, my profession
Hips, they gyrate, scripts I narrate

No banana, I ain't a primate
Ain't no soul glo, just an afro
The head is bred to let the thoughts grow
Quest together, to lands of never
Sleet and snow and storms can't sever
Tribe is growin, never know when
For this time, six necks may show in
Dialogues have been accepted
Negatives have been rejected
That's the music, negro music
Is here for all, so you must choose it
Phonies fondle, watch it throttle
3-6-5 straight out the bottle
Bustin caps, finger snaps
I prefer the second for ghetto tracks
Phife, Jarobi, Ali told me
Get the force like Wan Kenobi
Force his teachin, beats are screechin
Poly plateaus, we aim for reachin
Tribalization, freaks the nation
A mass of peers in celebration
Hopes been real high, since the knee high
Days of youth, feelin good and real spry
Avid combos, hear those bongos
Boom cacka boom, that's how they go
We ain't nomads, but we real glad
Hip hop slams through the nineties, no fad
As a rhythm, have been given
Hurry up, become, we breakin out, out

[Shaheed:]

With a rhythmic instinct to be able to travel
Beyond existing forces of life
Basically, that Tribal
And if you wanna get the rhythm
Then you have to join a Tribe
Word, peac

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rhythm (Devoted to the Art of Moving Butts)"

[Shaheed:]

It's a new decade

The Native Tongues are about to proceed with the usual lingo

The usual rhythm

[Q-Tip:]

Devoted to...the art of moving butts

The rhythm's happenin, and it's movin up

The Tribe has been on hold for much too long

Don't fear the rhythm because it's strong

On the corners, brothas bop their heads

>From the high-tops to the knotty dreads

I'm a nubian y'all, look what we did

Took the crust away from the third eye lid

Now, it's kinda open, longs to see the site

Rhythms of the Tribe which is passed out right

Night after night, day after day

Questin for the rhythms of the Native Tongue lay

Rhythm is the key as we open up the door

Things a B-boy has never seen before

Polyrhythmic with a big fat boom

You have an eargasm as you start to consume

The ghetto beat with a ghetto poem

Yeah, it's from the heart, cuz it's from the home

Jarobi, Phife, Ali Shaheed

Call me Koala, got what you need

You're a disc jock, then jock this

Rhythms can't lose, rhythms can't miss

If you feel uptight and you need to freak

It'll be alright once we drop this beat

[chorus:]

I got the rhythm, you got the rhythm /8X/

[Q-Tip:]

Ma ma sa ah, ma ma coo sa

Gets hectic, freak a bourgeios

We Quest around for the musical hard

On the avenues, streets and boulevard

Not sellin out, that's a negative

Lovin hip hop, lovin heritage

Got the instinct to travel miles and miles

Gotta whole lot of room for piles and piles

Now, you're kinda with it, wanna get the funk

>From the Zulu Nation, toppin all the junk

Standin on the top like the Temptations said

Rhythms are obese, yeah, you gotta keep 'em fed

Read what I read, can't be better said
Tribalic motions dabble in the head
Sweetback's bad, not as bad a beat
It's a "stone groove baby"
Continue, on the windy road
But, I'm luggin, a crazy big load
Will we be on point for the ninety deck
Is it muscle bound and will it flex?
But trudgin, we are used to
You don't Quest alone, Quest with a crew
We're four, once more, must make the tracks
You see four fronts, but now you see four backs

[chorus until end]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mr. Muhammad"

[Q-Tip]

Dip dip dive, to the socialised
Issued rhythms that are on the rise
Step right up, with an opened circuit
Get this current, don't you know it's worth it
Presented with, Tribe's intricacy
Compared, don't you know? Vibe electricity
Strong like a bomb, quick like a comet
Can I get whatever from Mr. Muhammad?

[Ali scratches interlude]

[Q-Tip]

If Muhammad has the breaks, who will have the backs?
[whispered] Bodies set it up all flow to rhythm stack
Okay I see my brother (huh), you know what we can do (what?)
Cruise with the rhythms (hah), Shaheed will lead us too (yeah)
Posin with the hotties (huh), harder than the hard (hard)
Still Muhammad plays with a full deck of cards (card)
The Tribe's stuff is present (yeah), established with the beat (beat)
We roll around on wheels (huh) or utilise the feet (feet)
Go and keep progressin (huh), egos of the Tribe (Tribe)
If we have to swing it (uhh) we won't take a dive (dive)
Comprende my compadre? (Yeah) Kid you want some more? (Yeah)
Muhammad push the button (huh), sample sing the score (ho)

Brothers try to pose, up with the Tribesmen
Rhythm on your toes, yes it's the funk again
Appreciate the flow, denounce the circuit breakers
Do it with the best, the movers and the shakers
Bustin out your heap, ??? my vehicle
Burnin up the felts, rhythm's up to me
It will be strong like a bomb, quick like a comet
Can I get a whatever from Mr. Muhammad?

[Ali scratches interlude]

[Phife]

Sitting on the dock (huh), fin' to make a wish (word)
Muhammad oh Muhammad (huh), damn you're quite a dish (dish)
Fondeling the groove (groove), with the mystic sense (sense)
Honeys won't you try (huh), they push you in the tents (tents)
But I don't give a damn (word), rhythms make you swing (huh)
If you don't like it (no), you can pucker up (hoo)
You listenin Mr. Quayle (yeah), if you're hiding just give up (hoo)
I'm a rhythm monster (wild), who's out on a prowl (yeah)
Muhammad gives a hoot (hoot) like Woodsy the Owl (yeah)

Comprende my compadre (uh huh)? Kid you want some more (word)?

Muhammad push the button, sample sing the score (ooh)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Ham n' Eggs"

[chorus:]

I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
A yo, Phife do you eat em? No, Tip do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all(again)
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em? (Nope)
Not at all

[Q-Tip and Phife trading lines:]

A tisket, a tasket, what's in mama's basket?
Some veggie links and some fish that stinks
Why, just the other day, I went to Grandma's house
Smelled like she conjured up a mouse
Eggs was fryin, ham was smellin
In ten minutes, she started yellin (come and get it)
And the gettin's were good
I said, I shouldn't eat, she said, I think you should
But I can't, I'm plagued by vegetarians
No cats and dogs, I'm not a veterinarian
Strictly collard greens and a occasional steak
Goes on my plate
Asparagus tips look yummy, yummy, yummy
Candied yams inside my tummy
A collage of good eats, some snacks or nice treats
Apple sauce and some nice red beets
This is what we snack on when we're Questin'
[both:] No second guessin

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip: bridge]

[Phife:]

Now drop the beat, so I can talk about my favorite tastings
The food that is the everlasting, see I'm not fasting
I'm gobbling, like a dog on turkey
Beef jerky, slim jims, I eat sometimes
I like lemons and limes
And if not that, take it the road see and the salad sopped
Sit back, relax, listen to some hip hop

[Q-Tip:]

Gum drops and gummy bears tease my eyes
A sight for sore ones and some bore pies
And other goodies that are filled with goop
With fried apple roots
Delectable delights, control my appetites
Mine is for me, right, but I know what I like

Chicken for lunch, chicken for my dinner
Chicken, chicken, chicken, I'm a finger lickin winner
When breakfast time comes, I don't recognize
Pig in the pan or a pair of bogey chides
Mixed with stewed tomatoes, home fried potatoes
Or anything with flair, cook it, I'm in there
Pay attention to the Tribe as we impose
This is how it goes

I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
A yo, Phife do you eat em? Nah, Tip do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all(come again, y'all)
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em?
Nope, not at all
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Afrika do you eat em? No, Pos, do you eat em?
Hell yeah, all the time
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Phife, do you eat em? Nah, Tip, do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em?
Nope, not at all
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Afrika, do you eat em? No, Gary, do you eat em?
Yeah, all the time *[laughing]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Go Ahead in the Rain"

[*Jimi Hendrix: Rain all day*][2X]

[*Q-Tip: Don't you worry*]

[*Q-Tip:*]

All I wanna do is get down y'all
Have a ball y'all and freak freak y'all
Lifeless ventures ain't new boo
So don't boo hoo, yeah, you too
Gotta get a grip like culture
Swoop down, swoop down like a vulture
The rhythms will lurk into people
All funk ain't created equal
Lookin for the beat to rupture
Like the rapture, gotta capture
Don't let the storm of life scare ya
Get funky, let me prepare ya
For the days of grimness and oppression
A yo bro, here's your lesson
Even though the rain starts pourin
Start reachin, start soarin
Don't stop, if you do, you're stallin
Rhythm savior, hear ya callin
Instrumental to be freaky
Go ahead in the rain and you'll see

[*Q-Tip:*]

Can't we make you see
I mean, the fact that is the key, I mean
Devoted to the art of movin butts, so get on up and...
Think about what's yours
I mean your culture and your laws
I mean, I label you a sucka
If you're dumber, just stay dumber, but...
Stay in line and keep groovin
If it's movin, if it's soothin
Don't let a little thing like rain keep you unda
Or the fun-da, look at wonda
Stomp til your soul is lifted
Get with it, rhythm's with it
Get inside the groove and get nasty
Funky nasty, crazy classy
Money is a first on the list here
It's the good time, it's the good cheer
If you got the ride then ride it
Don't hide it, provide it
Drop, drop, drop down the pants, shake your fanny
Cuz it's handy, not an Annie

Rock to the roll with the hair down
Get the lowdown, rhythm showdown
The simple explanation is nada
Make it hotter, thanks, de nada
If you wanna hear what I'm sayin
Clean your ears and just come on and groove

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Description Of A Fool"

[q-tip]

fool - defined in webster's
open up the book, read it read it
turn the page, see what it says
read it to me will you please

(one who acts dope ???
so what does it mean to me?)
that's you (how's that?) cos of the way you act (huhhh?!?!)
standin on the corner sellin girbauds (what you talkin bout?)
scalin your friends and also your foes
what's the matter wit'cha boy? (ain't nuttin wrong with me, mother...)
you big galoot (huh?), you nincompoop (what?)
what's wrong wit you? you can't compute (yes sure i can compute)
don't fix your lips to tell me you can
standin on the poley playin pusher man
what you got to do with yourself? (oh what?)
can't you be somebody else? (no)
look at you described to a tee (huh)
you're a fool of many in society
i know some more, i shall go on
and continue in the song, fooled the fool

[scratched by ali shaheed] "fool"
(man i don't know what you're talkin bout callin me a fool
i've been out here for twentysome odd years
doin my thing, i ain't no fool man
you crazy or something?
i'm gonna stick this, right up your...)

[q-tip]

the girl i talked to she's sort of neurotic (yeah)
her crazy ex-boyfriend is really psychotic (uh-huh)
scares the girl by threatenin her life (word)
says "girl, you're dead if you're not my wife" (oh man)
beats in her public, beats her in private (yes)
tried it 'round me, "almost" won't buy it (what you mean?)
said "forget him, don't you know he's a loser"
who would love a woman turn around and abuse her (ohh)
only a fool as described by the tribe
here's another one who's on the fool vibe (okay)
gonna make it short, gonna make it quick (why?)
for this situation makes me sick (ohh)
see your brother man, with the female (yeah)
he's crazy ego tryed to show he'll prevail (aha)
in any situation lady luck's on his side (word)
emotions run free, nothing he will hide

why i remember one sunny day (yeah)
took my cousin to the park so we can play (yeah, park)
on the way, a couple resembled
the one i just described, everything assembled
another young man walked in their direction (yeah)
bumped him a bit, excused his imperfection (mmm hmm)
but the man with the lady grabbed the other by the neck (umm hmm)
demanded an apology and also respect (uh-huh uh-huh)
the young man aggravated grabbed him back and smacked him
the girl just laughed and laughed and laughed at him (oh man!)\nhe felt ashamed for what he had done
it looked like a fool to everyone (oh!)\nthese are three stories from the naked city (yeah)
reality, is sometimes a ditty (yeah uh huh)
like grodzilla from the twilight zone
earth to your brain - is anyone home? (what you talkin bout?)\n i see ya there, tryin to make amends
try to make some friends, but now my story ends (oh man!)\non the note, that i just wrote
stay afloat on the reality boat (oh)
slow down and think and take it cool
and try to avoid the description of a...



THE LOW END THEORY

TRIBER CALLED
QUEST*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Buggin' Out"

[Phife Dawg]

Yo, microphone check one two what is this
The five foot assassin with the ruffneck business
I float like gravity, never had a cavity
Got more rhymes than the Winans got family
No need to sweat Arsenio to gain some type of fame
No shame in my game cause I'll always be the same
Styles upon styles upon styles is what I have
You wanna diss the Phifer but you still don't know the half
I sport New Balance sneakers to avoid a narrow path
Messin round with this you catch ?the sizin of em?
I never half step cause I'm not a half stepper
Drink a lot of soda so they call me Dr. Pepper
Refuse to com-pete with BS competition
Your name ain't Special Ed so won't you Seckle With the Mission
I never walk the streets, think it's all about me
Even though deep in my heart, it really could be
I just try my best to like go all out
Some might even say yo shorty black you're buggin' out

[Q-Tip]

Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh, uh!
Zulu Nation, brothers that's creation
Minds get flooded, ejaculation
right on the two inch tape
The Abstract poet incognito, runsss the cape
Not the best not the worst and occasionally I curse to get my
point across, so bust, the floss
As I go in between, the grit and the dirt
Listen to the mission listen Miss as I do work, umm
as I crack the, monotone
Children of the jazz so, get your own
Smokin R&B cause they try to do me
or the best of the pack but they can't do rap
For it's Abstract, orig-inal
You can't get your own and that's, pitiful
I know I'd be the man if I cold yanked the plug
on R&B, but I can't and that's bugged

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out [x8]

[Phife Dawg]

Yo when you bug out, you usually have a reason for the action
Sometimes you don't it's just for mere satisfaction
People be houndin, always surroundin
Pulsin, just like a migraine poundin
You don't really fret, you stay in your sense

?Comafied? your feeling, of absolute tense
You soar off to another world, deep in your mind
But people seem to take that, as being unkind
"Oh yo he's acting stank," really on a regal?
A man of the fame not a man of the people
Believe that if you wanna but I tell you this much
Riding on the train with no dough, sucks
Once again a case of your feet in my Nike's
If a crowd is in my realm I'm saying -- mic please
Hip-hop is living, can't yank the plug
if you do the result, will end up kind of bugged

[Q-Tip]

Yo, I am not an invalid although I used to smoke the weed out
Ali Shaheed Muhammad used to say I had to be out
Schemin on the cookies with the crazy boomin back buns
Pushin on the real ?hardest? so we can have the big fun
When I left for Rosie I was Boulevard status
Battling a MC was when Tip was at his baddest
It was one MC after one MC
What the world could they be wanting see from little old me
Do I have the formula to save the world?
Or was it just because I used to swipe the women and all the girls
I'm the type of brother with the crazy extended hand kid
Dissed by all my brothers I was all up what my man did
Supposed to be my man but now I wonder cause you're feeble
I go out with the strongest and I seperate the evils
it's your brain against my mind, for those about to boot out
All you nasty critters even though you see I bug out

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out [x8]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rap Promoter"

[Q-Tip:]

It's a fly love song

To the effect of nothing, effective fronting
Is what I don't allow so let me tell you something
I am a bonafide
Not too modest and not a lot of pride
Soon to have a ride and a home to reside
If my momma is sick I'm by her bedside
Used to watch the show on Channel 4 called Riptide
Wash my wears in-Tide cause it's too damn cold out-Tide
That's how the runnings go
If there ain't no dough then there ain't no show
So take your roly poly fat promoter (ass)
To the Chemical Bank, and get my cash
If you wanna see the people scream and laugh
You best Quest, you ask the Quest, you ask real fast
Cause I don't wanna see 'em, start bucking
Throwing chairs in the air while you be ducking
What what? Don't step to me with that
If you promoting a show make sure it ain't wack
Or else I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
Your wack show

[Q-Tip & {Phife}:]

Yo man what's up with that?
{Yo don't sweat me
C'mon, five hundred, that was the deal}
C'mon man, don't try to play me out
{We don't need you, sorry!}
And the Abstract rapper says

[Q-Tip:]

I want chicken and orange juice, that's what's on my rider
And my occasional potato by Ore-Ida
Don't forget my pastry make sure they're tasty
I'm not the type to be pushy or hasty
See I'm the type of bro that's reared in the ghetto
Took a few shorts before
Now the only ones I take are the ones that I wear
Ain't taking no shorts no more, now
Please act proper 'fore I call the CrimeStoppers
Don't dip on the dough, cause that's a no-no
Make sure you count your money real slow
Be alert, look alive, and act like you know

It's, the 90s, time to make moves
Not, the 80s, do away witcha womb
So what? You got a crew
I got one too, they're called the Brooklyn Zu
Don't break fool, let's be reserved and cool
We don't have to act like we in grade school
Just make sure that we're taken care of
And we'll do a fly show for ya bub, check it out

Diggy dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Butter"

[Verse One: Phife Dawg]

1988 Senior Year, Garvey High
Where all the guys were corny but the girls were mad fly
Loungin with the Tipster, Coolin with Sha
Scopin out the honeys - they know who they are
I was the b-ball playin fly rhyme sayin
Fly girl gettin but never was I sweatin
Cause when it came to honeys I would go on a stroll
Until I met my match - her name was Flo
Yeah - I messed around with the one called Flo
All the troopers round the way used to call her a ho
But deep down in my heart I knew that Flo was good to go
Cause I thought it was me - like Bell Biv Devoe
But little did I know that she was playin' with my mind
The only thing I learned is, good girls are hard to find
I feel like Heavy D I need somebody for me
Not someone who's mind is blank and tryin' to juice me for my bank
Swingin' with my main man Lucky behind my back
What type of crap is that - yo, hows about a smack?
Word life, I can't front - thought I was all that
But now it seems, I met my match
Was a stone cold lover, you couldn't tell me jack
Settlin' down with one girl, wasn't tryin' to hear that
I had Tonya, Tamika, Sharon, Karen
Tina, Stacy, Julie, Tracy
Used ta love 'em, leave 'em, skeeze 'em, tease 'em
Find 'em, lose 'em - also abuse 'em
My whole attitude was new day, next hon
And believe it or not, they all got done
Well here comes Flo, with the crazy whip appeal
And I'm all true man, like Alexander O'Neal
Is this really love, then again, how would I know
After all this time tryin' to be a superhoe
She finally played me, but yo, I'd find another
Cause I got the crazy game and yo, I'm smooth like butter

[Chorus: Q-Tip]

Butter, like butter baby . . . [x2]
Not no Parkay, not no margarine,
Strickly butter baby, strictly butter

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

I remember when,
Girls were goodie two shoes, but now they turned to freaks

Allofasudden "We love you Phife" - ease of ho, my name's Malik
Phife this, Phife that, where you goin', where you at
These girls don't know me from jack, yet I feel like the Mack
You didn't want me then, so hon, don't want me now
Here, Here - take the towel, wipe off your brow
And take the Ccontact out your eye, you're far from lookin' fly
You get an E for effort, and T for nice try
Now tell me what's the reason, for dyin' your hair
Slum village gold still danglin in your ear
You barely have a neck but still sportin' a rope
Four-finger ring just so Phifer can scope
You looked in the mirror, didn't know what to do
Yesterday your eyes were brown but today they are blue
Your whole appearance is a lie and it could never be true
And if you really loved yourself then you would try and be you
If your hair and eyes were real, I wouldn't have dissed ya
But since it was bought, I had to dismiss ya
If you can't achieve it, then why not try and weave it
If you can't extend it then you might as well suspend it
If you can't braid it, best thing to do is fade it
I asked who did your hair and you tell me "Diane made it"
If you were you and just you, talk to you, maybe
But I can't stand, no bionic lady
Tryin' hard to look fly, but yo, you're lookin' dumber
If I wanted someone like you I woulda swung with Jamie Summers
You wanna be treated right, see Father MC
Or check Ralph Tresvant, for sens-a-tiv-i-ty
See I am not the one, I got more game than Parker Brothers
Phife Dog is on the mic and I'm smooth like Butter . . .

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Excursions"

[vocal interludes sampled from "Time is Running Out" by The Last Poets]

[Q-Tip]

Back in the days when I was a teenager
Before I had status and before I had a pager
You could find the Abstract listening to hip hop
My pops used to say, it reminded him of be-bop
I said, well daddy don't you know that things go in cycles
The way that Bobby Brown is just ampin like Michael
Its all expected, things are for the lookin
If you got the money, Quest is for the bookin
Come on everybody, let's get with the fly modes
Still got room on the truck, load the back boom
Listen to the rhyme, to get a mental picture
of this black man, through black woman victim
Why do I say that, cuz I gotta speak the truth man
Doing what we feel for the music is the proof and
Planted on the ground, the act is so together
Bonafied strong, you need leverage to sever
The unit, yes, the unit, yes, the unit called the jazz is
deliberatley cheered LP filled with streeet goods
You can find it on the rack in your record store (store)
If you get the record, then your thoughts are adored
and appreciated, cause we're ever so glad we made it
We work hard, so we gotta thank God
Dishin out the plastic, do the dance till you spastic
If you dis... it gets drastic
Listen to the rhymes, cuz its time to make gravy
If it moves your booty, then shake, shake it baby
All the way to Africa a.k.a. The Motherland (uh)
Stick out the left, then I'll ask for the other hand
That's the right hand, Black Man (man)
Only if you was noted as my man (man)
If I get the credit, then I'll think I deserve it
If you fake moves, don't fix your mouth to word it
Get in the zone of positivity, not negativity
Cuz we gotta strive for longevity
If you botch up, what's in that (ass) (what?)
A pair of Nikes, size ten-and-a-half (come on, come on)

[Chorus:]

We gotta make moves
Never, ever, ever could we fake moves (come on, come on) [4X]

"Time.. time is a ship on a merciless sea
Drifting toward an average of nothingness

Until it can be retarded for it's own destiny
TIME is an inanimate object
Praying and praying and praying for ??
Time is DANCING, moving lingering all memories of past.."

The Last Poets

You gotta be a winner all the time
Can't fall prey to a hip hop crime
With the dope raps and dope tracks for you for blocks
From the fly girlies to the hardest of the rocks
Musically the Quest, is on the rise
We on these Excursions so you must realize
that continually, I pop my Zulu
If you don't like it, get off the Zulu tip
So what could you do in the times which exist
You can't fake moves on your brother or your sis
But if your sis is a (bitch), brother is a jerk
Leave 'em both alone and continue with your work
Whatever it may be in today's society
Everything is fair, at least that how it seems to me
You must be honest and true to the next
Don't be phony and expect one not to flex
Especially if you rhyme, you have to live by the pen
Your man is your man, then treat him like your friend
All it is, is the code of the streets
So listen to the knowledge bein dropped over beats
Beats that are hard, beats that are funky
It could get you hooked like a crackhead junkie
What you gotta do to is know that the Tribe is in the sphere
The Abstract Poet, prominent like Shakespeare

[Chorus]

Edgar Allan Poe, it don't stop (uh!)

"Time is running out on black power Africans today
and whites blacks and reporters at night
Everytime you see them ?? with their tongues hangin out
Time is running and past and passing and running
Running and past and passing and running (excursions)"

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Verses from the Abstract"

[Q-Tip:]

I had a dream about my man last night
And my man came by the studio
And his name is...
Busta Rhymes in effect, Shaheed is in effect
Phife Did-awg is in effect
Check it out and give me my 'spect

I'm movin, yes I'm groovin cuz my mouth is on the motor
Use the Coast in the mornin to avoid the funky odor
Can't help bein funky, I'm the funky Abstract brotha
Funky in a sense, but I play the undacova
Once had a fettish, fettish for some booty
Now I'm gettin funky and my rappin, that's my duty
Brothas tend to jock on the style in particular
If you got the ego like some brothas, then I'll get with ya
But if I don't pursue, then I just don't give a (fuck)
My motto in the 90's is be happy makin bucks
Girls love the jim, cuz it causes crazy friction
When it goes up in and fluctuates the diction
I still understand the (uh!) cuz that's what I met her for
I'm hooked on the swings, so just call me the music whore
Women love the voice, brothas dig the lyrics
Quest the people's choice, we thrive it for the spirit
If you can't hear it, then get the wax utensils
Write my rhymes straight up, don't get with no fancy stensils
The rhymes we get is sweet, we stay away from tart
Our perfection is at work, perkin up the art
If you want to battle, I suggest you check your clock
Your demise is comin up and I want your man to watch
Be the prime example, I deep instilled the sample
Insignificance, here I'll place you on the mantle
Born up in Harlem, reside down in Jamaica
The girl I used to rock, her moms was a claker
Now what does that make her? The evil money taker?
The crazy move faker, I used that to break her

[Vinia Mojica singing in the background]

Phife is in the house, Uncle Mike is in the house
Bob Power is in the house, Tim Latham is in the house
Wise Men is in the house, Brand Nubs is in the house
The J Beez, they in the house and De La, they in the house

I must regroup my thoughts and kick the next ones for my people
Please don't be deceived by ugly slice of evil
The world is kinda cold and the rhythm is my blanket
Wrap yourself up in it, if you love it, then you'll thank it

Don't move to rebuttal, wave your hand for action
The ladies of the '90's want more than satisfaction
They want keys and Gs, and all those illy things
If you want to, I'll show you, just what the Ab can bring
I keep a tight net with my brothas Ken and Kenny
If the question is of rhymes, then I'll tell ya, I got plenty
The thing that men and women need to do is stick together
Progressions can't be made if we're separate forever
I hooked this funky beat with the loop and the feature
With the funky singin by Miss Vinia Mojica
So listen because the Quest is led through the underground
My people been up on Quest to long, no more will we be down
People tend to riff cuz they don't know the mental
People tend to bug cuz their beats are hard but gentle
Afro kinda lurks through the body of this youngun'
Play like Bobby Byrd on your back and your comin to
The house of the jazz, of the funk, of the rhythm
All the goods are welcome, but if you're a villain
I'll just wait and debate, contemplate your arrival
If flexin is your motive, then you don't like survival
The Abstract is speakin, the hard beats is reachin
The Black and Puerto Ricans
Cuz their butt naked, streakin through the ever murky streets
Of the urbanized areas
Blastin out the speakers is the hip hop hysteria

Craig is in the house, Pete Rock is in the house
CL is in the house, Ultra Mag is in the house
Nice and Smooth is in the house, Big Daddy Kane is in the house
Beatnuts is in the house, Special Ed is in the house

Yeah [7X]
This one goes out to my man
Thanks alot Ron Carter on the bass
Yes my man Ron Carter is on the bass
Now check it out
Born into the 91 decade
You gotta say the Quest is on
And goddamn it, yes the Quest is on
And we out!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Show Business"

(feat. Diamond D, Lord Jamar And Sadat X)

[Verse 1]

[Q-Tip]

Let me tell you 'bout the snakes, the fakes, the lies
The highs at all of these industry shing-dings
Where you see the pretty girls
In the high animated world
Checkin' for a rapper with all the dough
If you take a shit they want to know
And if you're gonna fall, they won't be around, y'all
So you still wanna do the show business?
And you think that you got what it takes?
I mean you really gotta rap and be all that
And prepare yourself for the breaks
Check it out!

Do you wanna be in the business? (The Business)
The ups and downs with the hoes (The Business)
Always gettin' fronted on at shows (The Business)
People gotta stick their nose (In the Business)

[Verse 2]

[Q-Tip]

Yo, I gotta speak on the cesspool
It's the rap industry and it ain't that cool
Only if you're on stage or if you're speakin' to your people
Ain't no-one your equal
Especially on the industry side
Don't let the games just glide
Right through your fingers, you gotta know the deal
So Lord Jamar speak, because you're real...

[Lord Jamar]

They're givin' you the business and puttin' on a show
You're a million dollar man that ain't got no dough
But you got a ho tickets backstage to a show
Sedated and at that fact they elated
Time pass and your ass say "Where's my loot?"
The reply is a kick in the ass from a leg and a boot
All you wanna do is taste the fruit
But in the back they're makin' fruit juice
You ask for slack and wanna get cut loose from the label

Not able cos you signed at the table
For a pretty cash advance, now they got a song and dance
That you didn't recoup, more soup wit' ya meal?
Cos this is the real when you get a record deal
And I say...

[Phife]

Aw....shucks, look what the cat hauled in
It's Phife Dawg from A Tribe Called Quest, let me begin
Like Chuck D, I got so much trouble on my mind
'bout these no-talent artists gettin' signed, they can't rhyme
And if that ain't bad, you got bootleggers
Goin' out like suckers, motherfuckers
Feel it's time that I let loose the lion
And if not that then I'll commence to head flyin'
Seems in '91 everybody want a rhyme
And then you go and sell my tape for only \$5.99?
Please nigga, I've worked too hard for this
No more will I take the booty end of the stick
Bogus brothers makin' albums when they know they can't hack it
Cos they lyrics is played like 8-Ball jackets
Now tell me I can't tear it up
Go get yourself some toilet paper cos your lyrics is butt

Do you wanna be in the business? (The Business)
People can't walk a straight line in (The Business)
Some of these brothers can't rhyme in (The Business)
A-yo, I'm tryna get mine (The Business)

[Verse 3]

[Sadat X]

The party scene is cool, but then again it's all the same
You see the same faces, but at different places
When you're up and ridin' high everything is palsy-palsy
Get a million pounds and all the skins give you hugs
Well that's cool, I can dig it, it really ain't my bag
Prefer to max on the side and let my pants sag
"Oh, he's a cutie", yeah, real cute
But I wasn't that cute when I didn't have no loot
Although I hit a pound of herbs I'm still nice with the verbs
So fuck what you heard
The born cipher, cipher master makes me think much faster
But critics still continue to plaster
My name and discredit my fame
All that shit is game
And I don't really give a damn
Eat from the tree of life and throw away the verbal ham

[Diamond D]

Well, excuse me, I gotta add my two cents in
Don't be alarmed, the rhyme was condensed in
A matter of minutes so it must be told
All that glitters' not gold
Everybody wants a deal, help me make a demo
See my name in bright lights, ride around in a limo
My moms keeps beefin' ("Boy, get a job")
But I wanna make jams, damn, I know I'll slam
Huh, well it's not that easy
You gotta get a label that's willin' and able
To market and promote, and you better hope
(For what?) That the product is dope
Take it from Diamond, it's like mountain climbin'
When it comes to rhymin' you gotta put your time in
Get a good lawyer so problems won't pile
You don't wanna make a pitch that's wild.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Vibes and Stuff"

[Q-Tip:]

Let me flaunt the style (style), I think that the time's near
That we drop studs (studs), there will be no duds here
Rappers play the dumb (dumb), kinda on the space tip
But when they hear the jams (jams), they be on the dilsnick
Now I'm not for the rock (rock), I know the territory
Go ahead and try (try), that's a different story
Similar to Grimm (Grimm), I could tell a better one
All about a kid (kid), who couldn't rap and didn't run
Stand (stand) aside (aside), when the rap is gettin dumb
Resort to baggin Billy (Billy), askin can he have some
No, never ever (ever) come back and try again man
If you come back (back), I'll be the first to shake your hand
Competitions good (good), it brings out the vital parts
The Abstract Poetic ('etic), majors in recital arts
Do it for the kids (kids), the elders and the rap peers
We know the job is done (done), when we hear a lot of cheers
Gotta feel the vibes (vibes), come from my creation
If the hands clap (clap) are filled with elation
Here I am ghetto, full with a lot of steam
Think I gotta, I think I gotta, I think I gotta scream (scream)
Cause that's how good it feels child
Let your hair down (down), so we can get buckwild
Do your I'll dance (dance), don't think about the next man
We must have unity and think of the bigger plan
The vision, we fall (fall) we must stick together, see
I'd like to take this time (time) to say what's up to Kool G
The name is Q-Tip (Tip), The Midnight Marauder
Give enough respect ('spect) to Afrika Bambaataa
As a man in the world (world), I must do my job
Take care of Mama Duke (Duke), I won't resort to rob
Bob you'll get your dough (dough), Mase is my witness
Obsessed with the rap (rap), for it's the mental fitness
Like shootin cee-lo (lo), and always gettin headcracks
The industry is luck (luck), winning with the fake raps
Peace to the crews (crews), who pump the real hip hop
Not sellin out (out) from hardrock to disc jock...
(From disc jock to hardrock, from hardrock to disc jock)

[Phife:]

I don't know what to say, but here I go freak it
If the papes come, then you know I'll seek it
I'm just a short brotha, dark skin face
Weigh a buck-fifty, 36 waist
My hair is crazy curly
Front like Mr. Furley
To this day, I still believe that no MC can serve me

Brothas try to front, but everybody know (know)
I get more props than the Arsenio Hall Show
Party animal I was, but now I chill at home
All I do is write rhymes, eat, drink, shit and bone
Found my thrill in Amityville, I'm always in the Island
Fudge and Monkey know the time, they know who keeps 'em smilin
Go out on my own, somethin that I gotta do
Do what the hell I want and have no one to listen to
I'm prompt with my business and I do things on the double
Yo, I'm out like Buster Douglass, I say peace to MC Trouble
Rest in Peace

[Q-Tip:]

Word Up, rest in Peace, and you know what else?

We got, we got, we got the vibe (vibe)

All the people in Long Island, we got the vibe (vibe)

Brooklyn and Queens, we got the vibe (vibe)

Uptown and New York, we got the vibe (vibe)

People upstate, we got the vibe (vibe)

If you're in DC, you got the vibe (vibe)

Maryland, Virginia, Carolina vibe (vibe)

Out West, we got the vibe (vibe)

In the Bahamas, we got the vibe (vibe)

Over in Europe, you know what? We got the vibe

And we gotta keep it alive, it goes on...

Of rap I'm a fan, I've seen a whole lot of subs

Goods with the girls, I got a whole lot of 'em

From fat to skinny, Freeda to Winnie (Winnie)

Emma to Cindy, Constance to Wendy (Wendy)

Cause I be more friendly (friendly), never on the snotty side

I don't brag to brothas about the little papes I got (got)

My vocal styles can vary, the sight is never scary (scary)

It's only legendary ('dary), my father well prepared me ('pared me)

My job ain't temporary, I'm here for the long shot

Better yet, the long term, I don't have a perm (perm)

In a way I do, call 'em the perma-naps

I'm crazy slap-happy and I'm scrappy when I'm nappy

When I get the mic in my hand and the crowd in stands (stands)

It's as good as grand like that (that)

I wanna say peace and dedicate this joint to MC Trouble and to

Um... Trouble T-Roy

And to um... Scott La Rock and to um... Cowboy, you know what I'm sayin?

This is for the slain rappers and the fallen rappers

You know what I'm sayin (sayin)?

This is a special, special, special, special, special dedication

And also to my pops and also to Vinny, his moms (moms)

You know what I'm sayin?

You just gotta keep it happy and keep the vibes going

And this is Vibes and Stuff

And we out...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Infamous Date Rape"

Classic, classic...
Classic example of a...a date rape [4X]

[Q-Tip:]

Listen to the rhyme, it's a black date fact
Percentile rate of date rape is fat
This is all true to the reason of the skeezin
You got the right pickin but you're in the wrong season
If you're in the wrong season, that means you gotta break
Especially if a squad tries to cry out rape
You be all vexed cuz she got it goin on
You don't wanna fight cuz you know that you're wrong
So instead you rest your head on the arm of the couch
Envision in your head of a great sex bout
Worthy opponent, all you wanna do is bone it
You ask can you kick it, she says you can't stick
This is the case, the situation is sticky
Should you try to kiss or head for a hickey
Not even, you can ask Steven
If the vibe ain't right, huh, ya leavin
Hit the road Jack and all of that
But if she offers her abode, to drop ya load
Right smack dab in the middle
Get the kitten, I got crazy tender vittles

[Phife:]

Uh huh, you know science, you get buckwild
Runnin mad games as if your name was Scott Skiles
Or better yet Magic or even Karl Malone
Regardless who it is, your aim is to bone
If she tries to front, then you start to dis her
If she's with the program, that's when you start to kiss her
Might as well get to the point, no time to waste
Might as well break the ice, then set the pace
You start to talk nasty, now she's ready to bone
Step out of the shower, throw on cologne
All of a sudden, her sugarwalls tumble down like Jericho
She's hotter than Meshach, Shadrach and Abendego
You listen to After 7, break fool after 10
Do your thing at 12 o'clock and when you go again
There goes round 1, ding, there goes round two
Now tell me what the (fuck) are you supposed to do
What do you know, when the meow is completed
Girly girl cried rape, yo, I didn't really need it

[Q-Tip:]

Sweetheart, we ain't goin out like that [2X]

Sweetheart, we ain't goin out like that(zulu)

We ain't goin out like that(zulu)

We ain't goin out like that

Now baby bust it, if you wanna groove
Me and you can do it, it will be the move

I won't cry over spilled milk

If you won't let me take you to the Hilt

I don't wanna bone you that much

That I would go for the unforbidden touch

I'm not the type that would go for that

I'll have to fetch a brand new cat

Baby, baby, baby I don't wanna be rude

I know because of your bloody attitude

I know why you act that way

It usually happens on the 28th day

I respect that crazily

When you're done with the past can you come check me

This ain't a joint to disrespect you

Because one head ain't better than two

Check it out

It's a classic example of a...a date...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Check the Rhime"

[Q:]

Check the rhyme y'all.

[Q:]

Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden,
We used to kick routines and presence was fittin'.

It was I the abstract

[P:]

And me the five footer.

I kicks the mad style so step off the frankfurter.

[Q:]

Yo, Phife, you remember that routine
That we used to make spiffy like mister clean?

[P:]

Um um, a tidbit, um, a smidgen.

I don~t get the message so you gots to run the pigeon.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] Well, then grab the microphone and let your words rip.

[P:]

Now here's a funky introduction of how nice I am.

Tell your mother, tell your father, send a telegram.

I'm like an energizer 'cause, you see, I last long.

My crew is never ever wack because we stand strong.

Now if you say my style is wack that's where you're dead wrong.

I slayed that body in El Segundo then push it along.

You'd be a fool to reply that Phife is not the man

'Cause you know and I know that you know who I am.

A special shot of peace goes out to all my pals, you see.

And a middle finger goes for all you punk MC's.

'Cause I love it when you wack MC's despise me.

They get vexed, I roll next, can~t none contest me.

I'm just a fly MC who's five foot three and very brave.

On top remaining, no home training cause I misbehave.

I come correct in full effect have all my hoes in check.

And before I get the butt the jim must be erect.

You see, my aura~s positive I don't promote no junk.

See, I'm far from a bully and I ain't a punk.

Extremity in rhythm, yeah that's what you heard.

So just clean out your ears and just check the word.

[Q:]

Check the rhyme y'all.

Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check it out.
Check it out.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Play tapes y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check it out.
Check it out.

[P:]

Back in days on the boulevard of Linden,
We used to kick routines and the presence was fittin'
It was I the Phifer,

[Q:]

And me, the abstract.

The rhymes were so rumpin' that the brothers rode the 'zack.

[P:]

Yo, tip you recall when we used to rock
Those fly routines on your cousin~s block.

[Q:]

Um, let me see, damn I can't remember.

I receive the message and you will play the sender.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] All the time Phife.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] Yeah, all the time Phife.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] Yo, all the time Phife.

[P:] So play the resurrector and give the dead some life.

[Q:]

Okay, if knowledge is the key then just show me the lock.

Got the scrawny legs but I move just like Lou Brock,

With speed. I'm agile plus I'm worth your while.

One hundred percent intelligent black child.

My optic presentation sizzles the retina.

How far must I go to gain respect? Um.

Well, it's kind of simple, just remain your own

Or you'll be crazy sad and alone.

Industry rule number four thousand and eighty,

Record company people are shady.

So kids watch your back 'cause I think they smoke crack,

I don't doubt it. Look at how they act.

Off to better things like a hip-hop forum.

Pass me the rock and I'll storm with the crew and...

Proper. What you say Hammer? Proper.

Rap is not pop, if you call it that then stop.

NC, y'all check the rhyme y'all.

SC, y'all check it out y'all.

Virginia, check the rhyme y'all.

Check it out. Out.

In London, check the rhyme, y'all.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Everything is Fair"

[chorus George Clinton from Funkadelic's "Let's Take It to the People":]
"Everthing is fair when you're livin in the city" [8X]

[Q-Tip:]

Lookin at Miss Lane, it was the fast lane
Barely knows her name, struck by fame
She just got a Benz, she rides with her friends
Gotta keep her beeper in her purse to make ends
Rollin down the block, checkin out the spots
She winks at the cops, always give her props
She knows she's the woman, can't nobody touch her
Hangs out for the loot, makes her papes from the gutter
Tried to make my moves on Miss Lane, she called me young boy
Told her not to dis me I just want to be your love toy
You young boy, my love toy, I doubt that very highly
Just because you rhyme don't mean I'll let you try me
Business oriented, egos never dented
Always sweet scented, if it's business, she meant it
Distractions never hurt, always did the work
Always was alert, she never got jerked
Queen of the feats, thrive to compete
Love the funky beats while she drive down the street
She was justified, couldn't get a job
Had to feed her family, so she had to play, then rob
Pullin out the ooh wop, listenin to doo-wop
You don't have to say a word
(gunshots)That's all ya heard

[chorus 4X]

She's not a big kahuna, wish I met her sooner
Instead, I met her later, my love is much greater
Put me on her roster, to rid her of impostaers
And to sell the buddah for the sexy drug ruler
Love is my motive, now I'm drug promotive
Plus I needed duckets to fill up my buckets
Supplied me with the squeezy to make my life easy
Now I'm missing action for this fatal attraction
But don't you let me catch you with your joint up in these bitches
And don't you even dare to plan a plot upon my riches
Cuz if you play me out, I think I'll let ya be
I'll be damned if I let a brotha try to gas me
I played my cards well, try to live swell
For the G, I would sell, cuz I was deep in hell
But then I really wasn't, she had a fly cousin
Who would give me booty on the side of my cutie
Elaine, she kinda new, that I would do the do

But she didn't tear, I did my work with care
That's all that really mattered, he money never splattered
As long as she was paid, she was in the shade
You can't really blame her for holdin on a flamer
Society taught her, but they didn't tame her
A ten clip salute, hunny heres a troop
She will never stop until she reach the top
Top, top...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We Got the...)"

[Intro/Chorus]

We got the jazz [X4]

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

Stern firm and young with a laid-back tongue
The aim is to succeed and achieve at 21
Just like Ringling Brothers, I'll daze and astound
Captivate the mass, cause the prose is profound

Do it for the strong, we do it for the meek
Boom it in your boom it in your boom it in your Jeep
Or your Honda or your Beemer or your Legend or your Benz
The rave of the town to your foes and your friends

So push it, along, trails, we blaze
Don't deserve the gong, don't deserve the praise
The tranquility will make ya unball your fist
For we put hip-hop on a brand new twist

A brand new twist with the homie-alistic
So low-key that ya probably missed it
And yet it's so loud that it stands in the crowd
When the guy takes the beat, they bowed

So raise up squire, address your attire
We have no time to wallow in the mire
If you're on a foreign path, then let me do the lead
Join in the essence of the cool-out breed

Then cool out to the music cuz it makes ya feel serene
Like the birds and the bees and all those groovy things
Like getting stomach aches when ya gotta go to work
Or staring into space when you're feeling berserk

I don't really mind if it's over your head
Cuz the job of resurrectors is to wake up the dead
So pay attention, it's not hard to decipher
And after the horns, you can check out the Phifer

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' me come straightway

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' come straightway

Hows about that, it seems like it's my turn again

All through the years my mike has been my best friend

I know some brothers wonder, can Phifer really kick it?

Some even wanna dis me, but why sweat it?

I'm all into my music cuz it's how I make papes

Tryin' to make hits, like Kid Capri makes tapes

Me sweat another? I do my own thing

Strictly hardcore tracks, not a new jack swing

I grew up as a Christian so to Jah I give thanks

Collect my banks, listen to Shabba Ranks

I sing, and chat, I do all of that

It's 1991 and I refuse to come wack

I take off my hat to other crews that intend to rock

But the Low End Theory's here, it's time to wreck shop

I got Tip and Shah, so whom shall I fear

Stop look and listen, but please don't stare

So jet to the store, and buy the LP

On Jive/RCA, cassettes and CD's

Produced and arranged by the four-man crew

And oh shit, Skiff Anselm, he gets props too

Make sure you have a system with some phat house speakers

So the new shit can rock, from Mars to Massapequa

Cuz where I come from quality is job one

And everybody up on Linden know we get the job done

So peace to that crew, and peace to this crew

Bring on the tour, we'll see you at a theatre nearest you

[Verse Three: Q-Tip]

Hey yo but wait, back it up, hup, easy back it up

Please let the Abstract embellish on the cut

Back and forth just like a Cameo song

If you dig this joint then please come dance along

To the music cuz it's done just for the rhyme

Now I gotta scat and get mine, underline

The jazz, the what? The jazz can move that ass

Cuz the Tribe originates that feelin' of pizzazz

It's the universal sound, best to brothers underground

In the one-six below, ya didn't have to go

Some say that I'm a sinner cuz I once had an orgy
And sometimes for breakfast I eat grits and porgies
If this is a stinker, then call me a stink, I ask
"What? What? What?" - now check it out

All my peoples in Queens ya don't stop
Now all my peoples in Brooklyn ya don't stop
And all my peoples uptown ya don't stop
That includes the Bronx a' Harlem ya don't stop

Now to that girl Ramelle ya don't stop
I say because Ladies First ya don't stop
And to the JB's, ya don't stop
And De La Soul, ya don't stop

To my Brand Nubians ya don't stop
And to my Leaders of the New ya don't stop
To my man Large Professor ya don't stop
Pete Rock for the beat ya don't stop

Everybody in the place ya don't stop
Ya keep it on, to the rhythm, ya don't stop
And last but not least on the sure shot
It's the Zulu nation

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Skypager"

[Q-Tip:]

Do you know the importance of a skypager?

Those who don't believe, see you're laid behind
Got our skypagers on all the time
Hurry up and get yours cuz I got mine
Especially if you do shows, they come in fine
If you're with a G and you're sippin wine
Eatin cacciatore with a twist of lime
Gotta meet your lover at a quarter to 9
Joint by base, then you get your high

[Phife:]

If you get your then high, mine is next
The 'S' in skypage really stands for sex
Beeper's goin off like Don Trump gets checks
Keep my bases loaded like the New York Mets
At times I miss the pager so you don't get vex
Havin bad days like a voodoo hex
Conceptually, a pager is so complex
Cuz I be standin by the phone ready to flex

(Welcome to the new skypager)

[phone dialing]

(Enter telephone number or other numeric message)

[Q-Tip:]

Uh, so funky *[4X]*

[Phife:]

The batteries I use are called Du-ra-cell
They last for three weeks so they do me well
Don't be goin through no phases my joint stays on
24-7, from dusk til dawn
If you're in Costa Rica on a sunlit beach
You greed for the Phifer, I can be reached
A number of importance, I just put it on lock
You leave code '69", that means you want some (cock)

[Q-Tip:]

People tend to think that a pager's foul
Well it kinda is, cuz it makes me scoul
But it really hurts when you're on the prowl
Brothas know it hurts when you're on the prowl
Grabbin on my joint cuz I'm an eager owl
Get paged by a G or a business pal
My shit is overflowin, they won't allow

Another page, so I'll just end this now
(Message sent. Thank you for calling skypager)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"What?"

[Q-Tip:]

Babies babble on, they lookin for excuses
Game for the buzzer who kicked it to the losers
Lame as a brain, could be, golly gee
If you see a shrink he'll charge you a fee
If you see me ya see the fee is nothing
Fee will be for patience all that's no fronting

What is a party if it doesn't really rock?
What is a poet? All balls, no cock
What is a war if it doesn't have a general?
What's channel nine if it doesn't have Arsenio?
What is life if you don't have fun?
What is a what if you ain't got a gun?
What's Ali without Shaheed Muhammad?
Nothing. Kapelka makes you vomit

What is a Quest if the players ain't willing?
What is a pence if you don't have a shilling?
Excuse me if I'm chillin, hey what, say what
What's a fat man without food in his gut?

What's a child birth, without the umbilical?
What's United Parcel, without the deliverer?
What's momma-san, without poppa-san?
What's martial arts without Daniel-San?
What's Rasheed without Tonya, Tamika?
What's orange juice and Doug E. Doug without Shaniqua?
Not a not a not a not a damn thing
What's Duke Ellington without that swing?

What's Alex Haley if it doesn't have roots?
What's a weekend if you ain't knockin boots?
What's a black nation, without black unity?
What is a child who doesn't know puberty?
What is my label when I exit boom status?
What's menage-a-tois, or, that is
What is sex when you have three people?
What are laws if they ain't fair and equal?
What's Clark Kent without a telephone booth?
What is a liquor if it ain't 80 proof?
What are the youth if they ain't rebellin?
What's Raplh Cramden, if he ain't yellin
At Ed Norton, what is coke snortin?

What is position if there is no contortin?
What is hip-hop if it doesn't have violence?

Chill for a minute, Doug E. Fresh said silence
[Four second pause]

What is a glock if you don't have a clip?
What's a lollipop without the Good Ship?
What's S&M if you don't have chains?
What's a con artist if he doesn't have brains?
What's America without greed and glamour?
What's an MC if he doesn't have stamina?
What's music fractured without Mr. Walt?
What's Trugoy without a phrase called torte?

What's Kris Lighty if he wasn't such a baby?
What is a woman if she didn't say maybe?
Baby laid down, I removed the frown
What would be my penal cord if it wasn't brown?

What is a paper without a president?
What is a compound without a element?
What is a jam if you don't spike the punch?
What's a Brewski if you don't buy brunch?

Oooh ooh, it's like that you keep goin
Freak freak y'all cause you know that we showin
What to go what to go what to go what to go what
To go what to go what to go what to go WHAT

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Scenario"

[Tribe and L.O.N.S.:]

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

[Phife Dawg:]

Ayo Bo knows this (what?) and Bo knows that (what?)
But Bo don't know jack, 'cause Bo can't rap
Well what do you know, the Di-Dawg, is first up to bat
No batteries included, and no strings attached
No holds barred, no time for move faking
Gots to get the loot so I can bring home the bacon
Brothers front, they say the Tribe can't flow
But we've been known to do the impossible like Broadway Joe so

Sleep if you want NyQuil will help you get your Zs troop
But here's the real scoop
I'm all that and then some, short dark and handsome
Bust a nut inside your eye, to show you where I come from

I'm vexed, fuming, I've had it up to here
My days of paying dues are over, acknowledge me as in there (yeah)
Head for the border, go get a taco
Watch me wreck it from the jump street, meaning from the get-go
Sit back relax and let yourself go
Don't sweat what you heard, but act like you know

[Charlie Brown:]

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all!)
Who got the vibe it's the Tribe y'all (Tribe y'all!)
Real live y'all (live y'all!)
Inside outside come around
(who's that?) Brown

So may I say, call me Charlie
The word is the herb and I'm deep like Bob Marley
Lay back on the payback, evolve rotate the gates contact
Can I get a hit? (hit!)
Boom bip with a brother named Tip
And we're ready to flip

East coast stomping, ripping and romping
New York, North Cak-a-laka, and Compton
Checka-checka-check it out!
The loops for the troops, more bounce to the ounce
And wow how now wow how now Brown cow

We're ill 'til the skill gets down

For the flex, next, it's the textbook old to the new
But the rest are doo-doo
From radio to the video to Arsenio
Tell me! Yo, what's the scenario

[Dinco D:]

(True blue!) Scooby Doo, whoopie doo
Scenarios, radios, rates more than four
Scores for the s'mores that smother dance floors
Now I go for mine, shades of sea shore

Ship-shape, crushed grapes, apes that play tapes
Papes make drakes baked for the wakes
Of an L-AH, an E-ADER, simply just a leader
Base in the space means peace, see ya later

Later? (Later!) Later alligator
Pop blows the weasel and the herb's the inflater
So yo the D what the O, incorporated I-N-C into a flow
Funk flipped flat back first this foul fight fight fight
Laugh yo how's that sound (oh!)

[Q-Tip, Busta Rhymes:]

It's a Leader-Quest mission and we got the goods here (here!)
Never on the left 'cause my right's my good ear (ear!)
I could give a damn about a ill subliminal
Stay away from crime so I ain't no criminal

I love my young nation, groovy sensation
No time for hibernation, only elation
Don't ever try to test the water, little kid
Yo Mr. Busta Rhymes, tell him what I did

I heard you rushed and rushed, and attacked
Then they rebuked and you had to smack
Causing rambunction, throughout the sphere
Raise the levels of the boom inside the ear

You know I did it
So don't violate or you get violated
The hip-hop sound is well agitated
Won't ever waste no time on the played-out ego
So here's Busta Rhymes with the, Scenario

[Busta Rhymes:]

Watch, as I combine all the juice from the mind
Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind
Powerful impact boom from the cannon
Not bragging, tryna read my mind just imagine
Vo-cab-u-lary's necessary
When digging into my library

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!
Eating Ital Stew like the one Peter Tosh-a

Uh, uh uh, all over the track man
Uh, pardon me, uh, as I come back

As I did it yo I had to beg your pardon
When I travel through the town I roll with the squadron
Rawr! Rawr! Like a dungeon dragon
Change your little drawers 'cause your pants are sagging

Try to step to this, I will, twist you in a turban
And had you smelling ripe, like some old stale urine

Chickity-choco, the chocolate chicken
The rear cock diesel, butt cheeks they were kicking
Yo, busting out before the Busta bust another rhyme
The rhythm is in sync (uh!) the rhymes are on time (time!)
Rippin' up the sound just like Horatio
Observe the vibe and check out the scenario!
Yeah, my man motherfucker!

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

a tribe called QUEST

midnight marauders



A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Midnight Marauders Tour Guide"

Hello, this is your Midnight Marauder program.

I am on the front of your cover.

I will be enhancing your cassette and CD with certain facts that you may find
beneficial

The average bounce meter for your Midnight Marauder program will be In the area
of 95 b.p.m.

We hope that you will find our presentation precise, base-heavy, and just right.

Thanks

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Steve Biko (Stir It Up)"

[Phife]

Linden Boulevard represent, represent
Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
When the mic is in my hand, I'm never hesitant
My favourite jam back in the day was Eric B. for President

Rude boy composer
Step to me you're over
Brothers wanna flex
You're not Mad Cobra
MC short and black
There aint no other
Trini-born black like Mia Longs grandmother
Tip and Sha they all that, Phife-Dawg ditto
Honey tell your man to chill, or else you'll be a widow
Did not you know that my styles are top-dollar?
The Five-Foot Assassin knockin fleas off his collar
Hip-hop scholar since bein knee-high to a duck
The height of Mugsy Bogues, complexion of a hockey puck
You better ask somebody on how we flip the script
Come to a Tribe show and watch the three kids rip

[Q-Tip]

Queens is in the house represent, represent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
No tamin of the style cuz it gets irreverent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

Huh-huh, here we go
You know that I'm the rebel
Throwin out the wicked like God did the Devil
Funky like your grandpas drawers, dont test me
We in like that, you're dead like Presley
When we comin through get tickets to see me
We work for the paper so therell never be a preemie
Lyrics are abundant cuz we got it by the mass
Egos are all idle cuz the music is the task
Valenzuela on the pitch, curveball, catch it
I think I got it locked, just smooth while I latch it
Right
Now I must move with the quickness
Here comes Shaheed so we must bear the witness

[Chorus]

Stir It Up [x3]
Steve Biko

Stir It Up [x3]

Steve Biko

[Verse 2]

[Phife]

New York City represent, represent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
The Dawg is scientific with the styles I invent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

MCs like to meddle, but heres my proposition
I let my lyrics flow, and jumped your whole position
I'm radical with this like the man this song is after
Yo Tip settle down, whats the reason for the laughter?

[Q-Tip]

I really cant say, I guess I laugh to keep from cryin
So much goin on, people killin, people dyin
But I wont dwell on that, I think I'll elevate my mental
Thanks for these bars on the Biko instrumental

[Phife]

Yo I take it back, Im the Indian giver
MCs take notes as I stand and deliver
Percussion isnt less, D's wear the vest
While they dodgin bullets, you should be dodgin Quest
Dont get me wrong, violence is not our forte
I just like to rhyme, kick the lyric skills like Pele
Tip educateem, my rhymes are strictly taboo
Fill em with some fantasies and I'll look out like Tattoo

[Q-Tip]

Okay

I am recognizing that the voice inside my head
is urging me to be myself but never follow someone else
Because opinions are like voices
we all have a different kind
So just clean out all of your ears
these are my views and you will find that
we revolutionize over the kick and the snare
The ghetto vocalist is on a state-wide tear
Soon to be the continent and then the freakin globe
Theres room for it all as we mingle at the ball
We welcome competition cuz it doesnt make one lazy or worn
We gotta work hard, you know the damn card
Try to be the fattest is the level that we strive
Try to be the fattest also to stay alive

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Award Tour"

[Chorus - Dove from De La Soul:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, NC, VA
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Oaktown, LA, San Fran, St. John

[Q-Tip:]

People give your ears so I be sublime
It's enjoyable to know you and your concubines
Niggas, take off your coats, ladies act like gems
Sit down, Indian style, as we recite these hymns
See, lyrically I'm Mario Andretti on the MOMO
Ludicrously speedy, or infectious with the slow-mo
Heard me in the eighties, J.B.'s on "The Promo"
In my never-ending quest to get the paper on the caper
But now, let me take it to the Queens side
I'm taking it to Brooklyn side
All the residential Questers who invade the air
Hold up a second son, cause we almost there
You can be a black man and lose all your soul
You can be white and groove but don't crap the roll
See my shit is universal if you got knowledge of dolo
Or delf or self, see there's no one else
Who can drop it on the angle, acute at that
So, do that, do that, do that, that, that (come on)
Do that, do that, do that, that (OK)
Do that, do that, do that, that, that
I'm bugging out but let me get back cause I'm wetting niggas
So run and tell the others cause we are the brothers
I learned how to build mics in my workshop class
So give me this award, and let's not make it the last

[Dove:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas

[Phife Dawg:]

Back in '89 I simply slid in the place
Buddy, buddy, buddy all up in your face
A lot of kids was busting rhymes but they had no taste
Some said Quest was wack, but now is that the case?

I have a quest to have a mic in my hand
Without that, it's like Kryptonite and Superman
So Shaheed come in with the sugar cuts
Phife Dawg's my name, but on stage, call me Dynomutt
When was the last time you heard the Phife sloppy
Lyrics anonymous, you'll never hear me copy
Top notch baby, never coming less
Sky's the limit, you gots to believe up in Quest
Sit back, relax, get up out the path
If not that, here's a dancefloor, come move that ass
Non-believers, you can check the stats
I roll with Shaheed and the brother Abstract
Niggas know the time when Quest is in the jam
I never let a statue tell me how nice I am
Coming with more hits than the Braves and the Yankees
Living mad phat like an oversized mampi
The wackest crews try to diss, it makes me laugh
When my track record's longer than a DC-20 aircraft
So, next time that you think you want somethin' here
Make something def or take that garbage to St. Elsewhere

[Dove:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
SC, Maryland, New Orleans, Motown
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, NC, VA

Seven times out of ten we listen to our music at night, thus spawned the title of this program

The word maraud means to loot
In this case, we maraud for ears

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"8 Million Stories"

[Verse 1: Phife Dawg]

Went to Carvel to get a milk shake
This honey ripped me off of my loot case
The car oh yeah there's money in my jacket
Somebody broke into my ride and cold macked it
Yo tip I tell you man the devil's trying it
But I'm goin to stay strong cause I ain't bying it
Tonight I'm taking Sherry out
I don't have jack to wear
You know I've got to look dipped in the freshest gear
Cool I found something so I ironed it
I think I caught up on the phone
Oh shit I'm trying it
Will someone tell me what did I do to deserve this?
I think I'll pull out my suit for Sunday service.
My little brother wants Barney, cool I'm getting it
Took him down to Kay-Bee, they ain't sellin it
Here we go with the crying, yo he's throwing fits
My blood pressure blowing up, I can't take this shit
Finally got what he wanted now he's good to go
Again the robbers smashed, were's my radio?
One time the car was in the shop I had to borrow see...
They had no mercy on the car oh you he'll kill me
Where the hell can Nicki be? I'm goin to smack her up
I got the tickets for the Knicks and she cold stood me up
I need to hit a hunny off yo drill pas me the phone
Pulled out my hooker hoes, oh yo Sheela's home
Steady smiling like a mother yo I'm wrecked to bone
Went down on hun, she's in the red zone
Stressed out more than one could ever be
Forever trying to clear the sample for my new LP
Everybody knows I go to Georgia often
Got on a flight then I ended up in Boston
With all these trials and tribulations yo I've been affected
And to top it off, Starks got ejected

[Refrain]

[Verse 2: Phife Dawg]

Just last week my girl was stressing me
Now her best friend be underssing me
Well I was lovin her by the moon lit
Now I'm tricking on her like Kinte'
Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop
Walking towards the car, here come the damn cops
Now I'm station bound for the thai sticks
I bought it for my man, I don't believe this shit

Coach sat me down from the ball team
Cause I was breakin niggaz on the inseams
Some niggas cross town was trying to stick me
 All I had was shorts, a dollar fifty
 Picked up this gir in the hopty
Just because of her rhymes she tried to soup me
Pay for this and pay for that loot for nails and hair
 Who the hell do you think I am, Mr. Belvedere?
 Go and get a bloddy job then can we look cute
Even if you get me boots, you'll neva see my loot
 She wasn't even all of that just anothe hooker
Took the journey that ass way, quick like Chucky Booker
 Sometimes you got put the hoes in their freakin place
 Just move from in front me with your botty face!

My man Mohammed in the house, huh {come on, come on}
 Zulu Nation in the house, huh {come on, come on}
 Sub Rock is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
My man Skeff is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
 Jarobi White is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
 Bob Power in the house, huh {come on, come on}
 My man Eric in the house, huh {come on, come on}
 My man Lytcha in the house, huh {come on, come on}
(Help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help me... MUHAMMAD!)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Sucka Nigga"

"hey sucka nigga, whoever you are" [x2]

"hey sucka nigga, hey sucka nigga

whoever you are, whoever you are"

[Q-Tip]

Aiyyo, turn it up Muhammad

Turn everything up in the headphones

so I don't lose my vocals

Yeah that's good, turn my vocals a little bit

with the upper bassline

I be hatin sucka MC's, and the sucka niggas

Posing like they hard when we know they damn card

what you figure, rhyme-wise, I do the figure eight

So concisely, musically we are the herb so sit back

and light me, inhale *inhalation noise*

My style is kinda fat reminescent of a whale

Young girls desires for the females dreams

I be the Abstract Poetic representin from Queens

Socially I'm not a name, black and white got game

If you came to the jam, well I'm glad you came

See, nigga first was used back in the Deep South

Fallin out between the dome of the white man's mouth

It means that we will never grow, you know the word dummy

Other niggas in the community think it's crummy

But I don't, neither does the youth cause we

em-brace adversity it goes right with the race

And being that we use it as a term of endearment

Niggas start to bug to the dome is where the fear went

Now the little shorties say it all of the time

And a whole bunch of niggas throw the word in they rhyme

Yo I start to flinch, as I try not to say it

But my lips is like the oowop as I start to spray it

My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray it

My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray the

Sucka nigga, nigga nigga

I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front

The sucka niggas, nigga nigga

I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front

The sucka niggas, nigga nigga

I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front

It's the neo-nigga of the nineties, c'mon

I be hatin sucka MC's, and the sucka niggas

Posin like they hard when we know they damn card

what you figure, rhyme-wise, I do the figure eight

So concisely, musically we are the herb so sit back
and light me *inhalation noise* inhale *echoes*
My style is kinda fat reminescent of a whale
Young girls desires for the females dreams
I be the Abstract Poetic representin from Queens
Socially I'm not a name, black and white got game
If you came to the jam well I'm glad you came
See, nigga first was used down in the Deep South
Fallin out between the dome of the white man's mouth
It means that we will never grow, you know the word dummy
Other niggas in the community think it's crummy
But I don't, neither does the youth cause we
em-brace adversity it goes right with the race
Yo I start to flinch, as I try not to say it
But my lips is like the oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop, yo you know the rest

The sucka niggas, niggas niggas
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the suckas in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
Sucka niggas, nigga nigga
Aiyyo Shaheed, take us the fuck outta here

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Midnight"

[Q-Tip:]

The night is my mind

The sun'll still shine

But the night is on my mind

So parlay while I drop this rhyme

See, Jake be gettin illy when the sun get dark

They be comin out the heads, but shit don't let me start

Their activities are plenty in nighttime(nighttime)

For the ghetto child, it seems to be the right time

See, kids be gettin stuck with jewels and fly gimmicks

Shorty see the action and then start to mimic

Runnin to the corner, the dice game is blazin

Lookin at the loot, it seems so amazin

Puts it short down, to be exact would bound

He shakes the stones in his hand, then he lets it down(uh!)

Scam money don't make none

He threw a trip on the ace, now he's out son

Hits the local bodega to woof down a hero

Son is on a 'Midnight Run' like De Niro

Spots the shorty rock standin on his block

The thieves be handlin in the pumps, so he asked it it's not

Conversation that he kicked to the shorty was a sly one

Increased intensity, his dance sure was a fly one

Took her to the crib there she ran her gib

About mind upliftment and bein positive

He yawned and he sighed til 1:05

Then he finally realized that hunny wasn't live

At least he didn't plan on buildin for the evenin'

Threw the Fila on the dome and said 'Come on yo, we leavin'

Came out on the scene as he told her to beep him

Saw his man Sam with the blunt in his hand

(Aww Shhh...!!!) You know the transaction

Brothas gettin lost in the weed satisfaction

Comin down the block man loud as (fuck)

You would swear Redman was inside the trunk

As the night seemed darker, cops is on a hunt

They interrupt ya cipher, and crush ya blunt

See you left your work at home, so they pat you down for nuthin

Why in the hell does 10-4 keep frontin?

You push to the park, even though it's still dark

The kid is nice on the hoop, he said 'I'll spot ya troop'

The night is on my mind

The sun'll still shine

But now the night is on my mind, the night is on the mind

The night is on your mind

A yo, the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind
As for me...

I'm a nocturnal animal, God concentrates
On a young black man, who makes the niggaz speak a shake
The nighttime is busy, it's word to Aunt Kizzy
It's the time we get down, yo son, you know the sound
The flavas on the top with the rugged beat to back it
The night makes the aura and the J can't hack it
The way the moon dangles in the midnight sky
And the stars dance around, a yo, I think it's fly
Intensity, most rappers don't see it
Spirit wise, musically, you gotta be it
Serenity and sirens of the sounds and emotions
In the concrete jungle and the sun don't bungle
I think it's hard to find the words on how I feel
I paid about a deuce twenty for the Ampex steel
But let me slow down, I think I ran my gibs enough
Peace out to the Nation, stay rugged and rough

The night is on my mind, the sun'll still shine
The night is on my mind, the night is on my mind
The night is on my mind, yeah, the sun'll still shine
But now, uh huh, the night is on my mind
The night is on your mind, you know the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind, yeah, the night is on my mind
The night is on the mind, a yo, the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind, yeah, the night is on the mind
The night is on the mind, a yo, the sun'll still shine

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"We Can Get Down"

[chorus:]

We can get down

We can, we can get down *[both lines 4X]*

Ah, it's like that man, it's like that (yes!)

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) *[2X]*

It's like that man, it's like that

(*[Rakim from "My Melody":]* "Why waste time on the microphone")

Check it

[Phife:]

I'm not your average MC with the Joe Schmoe flow

If you don't know me by now, you'll never know

Steppin on my critics, beatin on my foes

The plan is to stay focused, only then I can go

Straight from the heart, I represent hip hop

I be three albums deep, but I don't wanna go pop

Too many candy rappers seem to be at the top

Too much candy is no good, so now I'm closin the shop

Crushin competition like your tires on grapes

My rhymes styles be blardin like a Ron G tape

My man where ya goin? You can't escape

When the Tribe is in the house, that means nobody is safe

How can a reverend preach, when a rev can't define

The music of our youth from 1979

We rap about what we see, meaning reality

>From people bustin caps and like Mandela bein free

Not every MC be with the negativity

We have a slew of rappers pushin positivity

Hip hop will never die yo, it's all about the rap

So Marion Barry smokin crack, let's preach about that

The trash you talk won't matter, that old bogus chatter

The more that you condemn us, it only makes us phatter

When I talk, I know I'm talkin for you poppers all around

You know you love the sound, we gets down

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

I'm the cherry on the top of yo ice cream

I'm the wish you thought inside your dream

Listen to the way we pulsate the jam

I'm the nigga here with the mic in hand

Styles that we present are just a few

To do away with you and your hum drum crew

This is '93 and the shit is real

Black people unite and put down your steel

Ladies make a forum on your sexual drive

Devoted to your lover and make it thrive
The riff was of F, I'm a hip hop body
Release the energy like the force of a shotty
Standin on the wall with my Polo on
Talkin to the girl with the Liz Claiborne
Keep the poetry in my black knapsack
Got my Timbo horse and my Doublemint pack
Hit the city streets to enhance my soul
I can kick a rhyme over ill drum rolls
With a kick, snare, kicks and high hat
Skilled in the trade of that old boom bap
I can do a trick with the opposite breed
I used to down 40s and smoke grain weed
Now, I'm doin shows with half loot down
Now it's time for me to take ya uptown

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) [7X]
It's like this, Shaheed!

[Shaheed: scratching until end]
[Rakim:] "Why waste time on the microphone

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Electric Relaxation"

Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down [4X]

[Verse One: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]

Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized
With your black hair and fat-ass thighs
Street poetry is my everyday
But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way
If I was workin at the club you would not pay
Aiyyo, my man Phife Diggy, he got somthin to say

I like em brown, yellow, Puerto Rican or Haitian
Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu Nation
Told you in the jam that We Can Get Down
Now let's Knock the Boots like the group H-Town
You got BBD all on your bedroom wall
But I'm Above the Rim and this is how I ball
A pretty little somethin on the New York street
This is how I represent over this here beat
Talkin bout you

Yo, I took you out
But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route
My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state
But I couldn't drop dimes cause *you couldn't relate*

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]

Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl
Drive you insane, drive you up the wall
Starin at your dome-piece, very strong
Stronger Than Pride, stronger than Teflon
Take you on the ave and you buy me links
Now I wanna pound the putang until it stinks
You can be my mama and I'll be your boy

Original rude boy, never am I coy
You can be a shorty in my ill convoy
Not to come across as a thug or a hood
But hon, you got the goods, like Madeline Woods
By the way, my name's Malik
The Five-Foot Freak
Let's say we get together by the end of the week
She simply said, "No," labelled me a hoe
I said, "How you figure?" "My friends told me so."

I hate when silly groupies wanna run they yap
Word to God, hon, I don't get down like that

I'll have you weak in the knees that you could hardly speak
Or we could do like Uncle L and swing an ep in my jeep
Keep it in the down, yo, we keep it discrete
See, I'm not the type to kid to have my biz in the streets

If my mom donè^a, approve, then I'll just elope
Let me sink the little man from inside the boat
Let me hit it from the back, girl I won't catch a hernia
Bust off on your couch, now you got semen's furniture

Shaheed, Phife and the Extra P
Stacy, ? DJ and my man L.G.
They know the Abstract is really soul on ice
The character is of men, never ever of mice
Shorty let me tell you about my only vice
It has to do with lots of lovin and (it ain't nuthin nice)

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Clap Your Hands"

[Chorus scratching:]

Clap your hands now

[Phife:]

Brothas know the flavs when the Quest gets loose
Slammin sucka fuckas like the wrestler Zeus
Crazier than Tupac in that flick called Juice
Cock is longer than the hat worn by Dr. Seuss
Love a girl in Daisy Dukes like them kids called Deuce
Gets paid to sex the hoochie like my main man Luke
Control the mic like Denzel on the girls
Wack MCs be on the nuts like Rocket J. Squirrel
The worst thing in the world is a sucka MC
Favorite rap group in the world is EPMD
Can't forget the De La, the two originality
And if I ever went solo, my favorite MC would be me
Phife Dawg up in the house, I give a shout out to Snoopy
Peace to all the Questers, to hell with the groupies
Like um, Ralph up to Potsie, Brooklyn to Dodger
Laverne to Shirley, Rerun to Roger
Ren to the Stimpy, Laurel to Hardy
Q-Tip and Phifer, they mashed up the party
Kick the rhymes and more rhymes
Kick the beats and more beats
We'll have you scratchin in your head, like trying all techniques
For those who wanna oppose, just take a stand
But for now, just shut your shit and clap your hands

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

You just wanna dance man, then clap your hands
If you venture up the wrong road, then the circumstance...
Will be crucial, I got hundreds of rhymes that'll suit you
So listen
The Abstract intuition is very very worthy
I can feel ya out from Russia to Jersey
Can't understand, the underground, it gets deep
The low, the Nikes, the links, the jeeps
The women, the lingo and all the other goods
Peace to the hoods, that keep my shit on play
Please don't do the mute when you hear me on the juke
Brothas know my angle, it's the Star-Spangled black banner
Hook up the beats at the funk manner
If want a roll, then dough I be rakin
The scope is on the world, cuz it's mine for the takin
You know I'm gonna do it

My shit is rock solid, but it flows like fluid
Chemists get confused of my ill composition
This is the third of the new Tribe addition
MCs be swingin, but alot of them be missin
So shut your bloodclot and listen
Cuz I'm bringin you the ill rendition
I'd like to send this out to the L.E.S.
Gotta alot of rhythm and style and finesse
Come here love, hot sex on a plat
And when your done with that then clap

[Chorus until end]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Oh My God"

[Q-tip:]

Listen up everybody the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
with precision like a bullet, target bound
just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds
now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott
V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit
Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body
heavens on my side
even in Santo Domingo
Can I gotta Gringo
we got mikes when do we go
know a little nigga who can ryhme when you ask me
short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy
Phife Dawg
1 for the treble
2 for the bass
you know the style Tip
it's time to flip this
I like my beats hard like two day old shit
steady eatin booty M.C's like cheese Grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
it's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
but just in case I own more condoms then T.L.C.
now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali
for those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how i be
brothers find it's hard to do but never me
some brothers try to dis my malik
you see'm ditchin me
now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin
trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic
when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
(I don't know man[3x])
(I don't know[2x])

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God yes, Oh my god [x10])

[Q-Tip]

Complimentary it be

the theif of Poetry

I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down
down like the lady of the evenin
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God [x14])

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Keep It Rollin'"

[Verse One: Phife Dawg]

Aiyyo swing swing swing, to chop chop chop
Yo that's the sound when MC's get mopped
Don't come around town without the hip in your hop
Cause when the shit hits the fan, that ass'll get dropped
MC's wanna attack me but them punks can't cope
I'll have you left without a job, like Isley from The Love Boat
So money watch your mouth, or I might have to bust ya
Battlin MC's, from JFK to Russia
Back down to London, Sweden and Brazil
Do a U.S. tour for three months and then a chill
Styles be fat like Jackie Gleason, the rest be Art Carney
People love the Dawg like the kids love Barney
"I love you, you love me"
The shorty Phife Dawg is your favorite MC
So move back yaself dread, you know the element
The Tribe is good for your health like a can of Nutriment
MC's don't have no winds, MC's don't have no winds
I flips you crazier than a busload of Jerry's Kids
Your crew don't want it, man your crew don't want it
But if you feel you can swing it, then money please bring it
(sup) Large Professor in the house (sup)
(sup) You know how we do (sup)
(sup) I stay on your crew (sup)
(whassup) like Mario Lemieux (whassup)
(Whassup?) Peace to Ike Love
(Sup? Hah hah) and the rest of the crew (Whassup?)
(Whassup?) I meet you guys in front the cleaners
Bring the blunts and the brew so

[Verse Two: Q-Tip]

Whassup kids? The Ab is speaking from the moon
Thanks for your support, aiyyo I'll be home soon
But the only thing I ask when I return from my task
Is a whole bunch of beats and a Blass full of ass
My fist stands firm because I'm, black and solid
I open up your pores like a plate full of collards
C'mon take it easy wouldya, easy easy
I'm up in the gulley, that's when I am her Buddy
She told me pull her hair, I did, it drove her nutty
Filled up the hole like spackle or I mean putty
When we over joints like this we never cruddy
Extra P hooked the beat, and kids it feels luh-huh-ovely
Check it out, cause my conception is immaculate
A bachelor, lookin for a bachelorette

Back to you MC's, this is what your gonna get
A first degree burn from my man Ken's cigarette
I hope you like Malboro, Paul you know we thorough like Denver
The beat feels like a never-ender
But all things good must, so I won't sweat it
Drop the C's for the youthful crew, I hope you get it
As I stand, grip this mic inside my hand
Boy I smack you up, like I was your old grand
so respect yourself Son, and come and gimme love
Once again the Ab is who you think of
So chill with the beef money, we got a Jetti

[Verse Three: Extra P (Large Professor)]

It's Extra P and yo Tip I'm bout to set it
on the country once again here to win
I'm Uptown chillin, takin in this grand master Vic blend
from the projects, the PJ's, fuck them two DJ's
Self mission, I had her in the ill position
Saying "Large youse the soul brother that I'd like to
eff with for the rest of my life" yeah yeah now check the method
As I, proceed with what you need like Akinyele
A whip looks complete when the tires say Firelli
Funk monkey, one rapper fell off, now he's a junkie
There's 8 Million Stories in the city it's a pity
Don't fuck with the skins if she's trying to act shitty
Shout to the Guru, Primo and Zulu Zulu
Nation, was on a vacation, in the ghetto
Yo Ras slow your roll I'm bout to bag this here's metal
Rapper Nas on topic, seems we gonna rock it
Queens represent, buy the album when I drop it (drop it)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Chase Pt. II"

[BizMarkie] "I'm bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out"
[repeat 4X]

[Phife:]

Them can't touch me no, them can't touch me
Them can't hold me no, them can't hold me *[2X]*
[Q-Tip:] Damn, Phife you got fat!
Yeah, I know it looks pathetic
Ali Shaheed Muhammad got me doing calisthenics
Needless to say, boy I'm bad to the bone
Making love to my mic like Jarobi on the phone
But um, no time for jokes (what!), there's bills to be paid (what!)
Hoes to be laid (what!), punks to be sprayed (what!)
Chumps to attack, so my man watch your back
Cuz '93 means skills are a must, so never lack (uh!)
Sit back and learn, come now watch the birdie
Your styles are incomplete, same as Vinny Testaverde
Battlin, whenever -- hot Damn!
Give me the microphone bwoy, one time, bam!

[Q-Tip:]

Keep it on the corner, cuz here comes the heat
Lyrically it stays, the jazz will pace the beat
As we proceed to elevate you, we in fo-fo
Run and tell your dad the Abstract's the bag
As we proceed to move your high parts, we know who has ass
Poets got the gimmicks, but they lack the sassafras
To make the average hardrock and cock the glock
And roam the city streets on the jury, they hot
I be ingredients, like sugar and candy
If your life is broke, girl I'll be the handy-dandy
That commends you, my fee is a shower
For you, I'll scrub your back and I'll soap the butt-crack
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts
Yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?(Yeah)
Adjust the bass and treble make my shit sound clear(echo)

[Chorus x8:]

(Q-Tip: After fourth time)
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts
A-yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?
Adjust the bass and treble...OK, could you come in Tip?

[Q-Tip:]

Whoop, back yourself man. Come watch me drop it

For showing me I could do it, for showing me I can rock it
Me not deal wit no changaram, bangaram business
I got soul on a hymn, like Jehovah's got the witness
Musically, the three, poetically, be me
We in jammin on the airwaves, kids just rave
Obey the MCs, cuz the MCs say
We flippin more niggaz like we Super Dave
But noticin my stature, y'all niggaz know we gotcha
Movin to the rapture, listen how we catch ya
Movin with the grace, here we go, let's begin
Makin people jump out their goddamn skin
Lyrically, we bite like we Rin Tin Tin
Peace to Grand Pu and his many, many skins
Don't mark with the arrow, cuz we know we get the wins
It's the Ab, Shaheed, and the Dawg for the blend

[Chorus until end:]

[Q-Tip:]

I wanna say peace to my man Rob P, my man Jerod, and
Skeff Anslem on the help out and we out like shout
Nine-tre, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...
I don't wanna say nine-tre
cause my man Extra P said don't say the years
So, it's for eternity, know what I'm sayin?
Rock rock on, everybody in Queens, rock rock on
Everybody in Brooklyn, rock rock on
Money Earnin Mt. Vernon, rock rock on
Everybody in Jersey, rock rock on
Everybody in Philly rock rock on
Everybody in Houston, rock rock on
Everybody LA, rock rock on
Everybody in The Sand, rock rock on
Everybody in Egypt, rock rock on
Everybody Nigeria, rock rock on
Everybody in London, rock rock on
Everybody in Sweden, rock rock on
Everybody in beware, rock rock on
To the niggaz on the famous, rock rock on
Everybody no name, rock rock on
To the kids at Nu-Clear, rock rock on
The Cave rock rock on. McDonald's, rock rock on

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Lyrics To Go"

[Q-Tip]

Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) uhh
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) ahh yeah, c'mon
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go)
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) yeah yeah
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go)

Goin on and on to the rhythmic variation
Wakin in the morning I still represent the nation
When I speak of nation please don't make the deviation
Rebels of the party who create the jump sensation
Mind is a pit of different information
Microphone is on so of course communication
Bogle at the party then you got the bogle-ation
Decaptatin foes yo as if my name was Jason (c'mon)
Makin all the fellas at the party lose composure
Hook up the beat with the mic and it's over (original, uh!)
A Tribe Called Quest we on the run for whatever
Trials and tribulations that we have to endeavor
Brothers know my steelo it's a letter to the better
If you see a shorty that you like, then you sweat her
Silly with the microphone, in other words I'm loco
Six foot zero with my height, complexion cocoa
Representin on the mic it seems to be my daily
I can do a split and turn around like Alvin Ailey
But when it comes to days like this I got lyrics to go

(I got lyrics to go) It's like that y'all, c'mon y'all
Lyrics to go
It's like that y'all, c'mon y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that

[Phife Dawg]

I know it's been two years but see the Tribe was never fallin
Would have tried for singin but that stuff was not my callin
The mic is in effect so you know I'm never stallin
Walkin through the door and all them suckers started haulin
Talk a lot of trash but no one can seem to beat it
Pull out your microphone and watch the Phifer make you eat it
The MC's they get jealy when the girly's on my belly
Kick a slow dance like my brother R. Kelly (bust a rhyme)
Today's a hip-hop draft will I be top-seeded? (uhh)
Worked too frickin hard while all the rest were gettin weeded
Steady kickin styles so I can reach that other level (uh)
Don't worry about gettin gassed I push the pedal to the metal
Always wanted this cause it surely beats a scramble (right)
I'm Jordan with the mic, huh, wanna gamble? (mmm)

This I dedicate to all the honiest that be bogle-in
Cause at the end of the night y'know Malik will have his Trojans
But when it comes to nights like this I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out here we go!

[Q-Tip]

Please proceed with caution cause the lyricist is fatal
I can kick your little monkey ass like Kato (yes dread, uhh)
Formulate your rhymes like a child forms Play-Doh (right)
Calm and serene like the study was tayo
Poetry machine with correct mechanisms
Immune to disease I defeat organisms
that are waitin in my path, I overstep the critters
Give your ass the willies and your moms'll get the jitters (uh)
Winners turn to losers, losers are forgotten
Tangle in my fore with, hopes that I stop rockin
Never will that happen only if it is permitted (uhh)
Wait... I think somebody shitted (c'mon)
I guess that will be me cause I'm the only one MCin
I go for what I know doin a show for human beings
Always try to lead yo never will I follow
Blowin up the spot like Fred did to Rollo
And when it comes to days like this, I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
I got lyrics to go
Everybody
(I got lyrics to go) Ah c'mon now
I got lyrics to go
Ah check it out y'all
(I got lyrics to go) It's like that now
I got lyrics to go
Everybody
(I got lyrics to go) Ah c'mon now
I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(I got lyrics to go) It's like that now
I got lyrics to go
C'mon y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Everybody
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Check it out now
I got lyrics to go
Ah c'mon y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Everybody
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Check it out now
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Every-bo-ty
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Ah check it out now
It's like that y'all
Check it now
It's like that y'all
Check it now
It goes... uhh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"God Lives Through"

[Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!" [16X]

[Phife Dawg]

There's a million MC's that claim they want some
But see, I create sounds that make your ears go numb
Peace to Sayers Ave., yeah you know how we go
My best friend Steven at the Home Depot
Lowerton is in the house, I can't forget Southside
Walk past MC's like that girl did the Pharcyde
I'm labeled as the cat's meow, the MC with the know-how
Act like you know, not now, but right now
Beast of the East, on MC's I have a feast
I'd eat that ass like quiche, crack a smile like Shanice
Straight out Jamaica scene, Jamaica, Queens
But you could find me out in Georgia, or anywhere in between
Now if my partners don't look good, Malik won't look good
If Malik don't look good, the Quest won't look good
If the Quest don't look good, then Queens won't look good
But since the sounds are universal, New York won't look good
Picture Phife losin a battle, come on, get off it
Put down the microphone son, surrender forfeit
Did I hear somethin bout a crew? What they wanna do?
You better call Mr. Babyface, so he can bring out _The Cool in You_
or it'll be a sad love song being sung by Toni Braxton
And I'll dissect you like a fraction
Oh, you wannabe top cat MC's, I'll pop you like a zit
You wanna be the champ, you more like Chief Some-shit
Big up myself everytime when it comes to this
MC's be runnin scared as if they're watchin the Exorcist
I kick more game than a crackhead from Hempstead
My styles are milk, man, you'd think that I was breast fed
You know the steelo when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
I dedicate this to all the MC's outta Queens
that goes for Onyx, LL, Run-D.M.C.
Akinyele, Nasty Nas and the Extra P
You need a chart, straight up and down man, there ain't no other
Nuff respect to all my peeps that made the album cover
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin (Ooohh...)

[Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!"

[Q-Tip] [over Busta Rhymes]

La, la, la, la..
Doop, doo, do, do..

La, la, la, la..
Shooby-doop, do, do..
La, la, la, la..
Shooby-doo, do, do..
You know I'm on the other, for the top 40
Haha, you gotta do it like this..

We got the funk doody don shit, clearly it's the bomb shit
So recognize me, kids memorize me
Everyday, I be scroungin, really, I be loungin
I play the down low, very very incognito
Aries is my sign, I know that I can rhyme
Sometimes I rhyme in riddles, plus I make the hunnies wiggle
Intellect is the major, some heads like to wager
The skills on the hill, overlookin dollar bills
Man, ya crazy, thinkin you can phase me
The Ab doesn't study near nonsense money
Life seems to meet me, MC's seem too cheesy
With they doody ass renditions of defeatin competition
I rock to the roll man, yes, I'm a soul man
Bet'cha bottom dolla, Vinia will make ya holla
As ya stand at attention, did I forget to mention
MC's will give me twenty, if I sense that they act funny
Lyrics are abundant, right there, I sound redundant
Just mentionin the fact, that the area is fat
I dwell in the unda, so hunny, it's no wonder
That I get plenty of tail, well I even get white
I'ma bet hittin head crack, there money, take that
Breakin niggaz off, cut their bank, then I'm off
While my Nik'es match my lil hat, beat joint is mad fat
Got the cutter of the box if a kid thinks he's ox
For tier means creator, the poetry relator
It's hemp, like Betsy Ross, let me tell you who's the boss

La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!") smooth it y'all
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")

Queens got a Zoo
Brooklyn got a Zoo
Bronx got a Zoo
Long Island got a Zoo
Long Island.. got the zone
Jersey got a Zoo
Philly got a Zoo
Milwaukee got a Zoo
L.A. got a Zoo
Oaktown got the zone

La, la, la.. [4X]
See, I like to get down Jack



A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Phony Rappers"

[Intro: Kamaal (Q-Tip)]

Phony rappers who do not write
Phony rappers who do not excite
Phony rappers, check it out, aight

[Verse One: Kamaal (Q-Tip)]

Yo, I was riding the train
And this Puerto Rican kid said simple and plain
Let's battle
It kinda took me by surprised
Cuz the brother was moving wit his eyes on the prize
I said screw it, I ain't got nuttin to lose but um
But I got to do this shit real quick so um
Hurry up kid, bust your joints and then I'll bust mine
And I be out cuz I got to see this hottie, he said ok
Now check it, check it out, blah, blah, blah, blah, that's what he said
Then I came back and just fucked up his head
Cuz yo, he thought an MC who was seen on TV
Couldn't hold the shit down in New York City
Aiyyo, I showed his ass, then I went off on my task
To bless her ass Uptown, real MC's will hold it down
Yea, yea, sonny, to the beat like that
You wanna bring it to me, where you at

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Yes, dread, I had a similiar situation
When this kid tried to tell me I didn't deserve my occupation
He said I wasn't shit that I was soon to fall
I looked him up and down, grab my crotch and said balls
Of course he tried to bring it on the battling tip
Ay, you know me, you know I had to come out my shit
Trying to lounge at the mall, meet Skef and Mr Walton
Finally I banged his ass wit the verbal assault
He said a rhyme about his .45 and his nickelbags of weed
That's when I preceeded to give him what he needed
Talking 'bout I need a Phillie right before I get loose
Poor excuse, money please, i get loose off of orange juice
Preferly Minute Maid cuz that's exactly what it takes
To write a rhyme, huh, to school your nickels and your dimes
Because an MC like me be on TV
Don't mean I can't hold my shit down in NYC

Phony rappers who do not write
Phony rappers who do not excite

Phony rappers, you know they type
Phony rappers, check it

[Verse Three: Phife, Consequence]

It seems there's a sanitation, y'all full of thrash talker
Sounding good but money can you feed the dog hawker
Talking 'bout your mic days and your breakdancing
Not enhancing, you sound tired
Oh, shit, I didn't know you like to play yourself in front'cha friends
Sitting there, lying to no end
MC's for me make things happening
Talk about a world but in a form of rapping
Who will be the captain of this ship
If it goes down, don't you know you have to go wit it
Just because you rhyme for a couple of weeks
Doesn't mean that you've reach the MC's peak
Let me stop sounding all bitter
Ghetto child, never be a quitter
But don't be a phony in the litter
Take it as a letter from the better
Take it from a man who used to rhyme in busted ass jetta's

[C:] Yo, Phife, you need a condom
[P:] Word to God, mess around
I catch Aids from Mc's being on my nuts too hard
[C:] Cuz on my blvd you better bring your bodyguard
[P:] And what's your blvd
[C:] LP, I represent naturally
[P:] So don't step on the roly if you know that you're phony
Or else I bend that ass like elbow macaroni
Cuz I gotta keep it real (gotta keep it real)
A Tribe Called Quest, you see we never half step
[C:] (So on your mark) get ready, MC's be jetti
Me and Phifey be on ya like Veronica and Betty
Archie, Jughead, snuffing Mc's
From Brainslane down to Hempstead
[P:] Yes 'Quence, see over
His rhyme style is older than a Chrysler car Nova
I'm wilder than the cats from Arizona
Villanova, un, un, Kentucky
Whos' the next MC stepping up to try and bust me
Bring him here and boy, will I ever let him have it
[C:] And when it comes to the microphone, don't even try to grab it
What?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Get A Hold"

[intro fading in:] Drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting,
drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting by, totally. Drifting
by(just)totally. Drifting by(just)totally

[Q-Tip:]

The deadly venom, let me start from the beginning
We always hittin, so yo, there'll be no extra innings
As I send the mic out the park like Reggie Jackson
You be the minor leaguer who sees no action
The coming attraction(what!)
The main feature
And I'ma greet ya, like a rhymin ass creature
Lurking all up in the dark, unknown parts
The brotha well prepared is the brotha who will start
And that's me Akki, as long as the ladies move they bodies
We'll have a four-on-two stand
Cuz that happens to be the nature of man
Sexuality, it is the format baby
Ain't no ifs, no buts, no ands, or maybes
But I praise Lord in the worlds that's unseen
Respect me for that and let me do my thing(just)
I said, respect me for that and let me do my thing

[Chorus:]

(Drifting by)You know we gotta get a hold
(totally) Over the illest drum rolls
(totally drifting by just...)

Yo, how you doin? Let me give you an intro
My name's the Abstract, now let me give you some info
Got the diamond in the back, and the sunroof shit
That makes the hardcore MCs resort to being bitch
And I don't give a shit about being wild rich
Just make me comfortable and I'll deal with it
Your lust for the riches make a nigga feel sick
Down to his zealots, upchuck and then spit
Denouncin my beliefs, well then your wig get split
Lay your ego on the ground so that you'll benefit
You can take these words and relay it to your click
Take some time for your mind and get off them head trips
The Tribe is the crew that makes your mics get lit
Like the Fourth of July on some firework shit
My record company be on some true jerk shit
But that's i-ight. Now, I'm on some true work shit
And I'ma make it happen for my whole outfit

[Chorus:]

(Drifting by) You know we got to get control

(totally) Over the illest drum rolls

(totally drifting by just...) Third verse

A-yo, we just gettin started

Got to redirect this vision

Got the beauty of a flower

Plus dimensions like a prism

Your minds are locked down like prison

Y'all really need to go lay down

Cuz positivity has risen

We hittin

Yo bust how we too strong to be broken

Occasional malfunction pressure time

We ain't jokin

For security we on this run like Logan

Kamaal's doin the hustle

And you backstage voguin

We all got flaws

Don't ever try to think that you perfect

We all are human beings

There's bullshit at the surface

Sometimes, I mean we rhyme

Damn, we ain't prophets

And if you think so, you need to stop it

So jump back inside your shell

Let your million dollar thoughts propel

But next man don't get jel

Playa hate that all carries weight

That we don't need

We slim with disabilities and

Thick with possibilities

Cuz then you can't move with fertility

Navigatin with good visibility

We put these tunes out in record shop facilities

Let's strive to get this constant money activity

We try to stay on the scene like Fidel

So if you get enraged with these names it still rebels

There ain't no plan B's

Yo watch, we movin through with plan A

Money market doin things the right way

[Chorus:]

(Totally) You know we got to get control

(Drifting by, just) Over the illest drum roll

(Totally drifting by just...) [x3]

(Totally just(x2), Drifting by [x2] in background)

Yo bust it out section, section.

Section Linden Boulevard

Section on Merrick

Section the whole Jamaica

Section on Flushing

Section in Bed-Stiduy

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Motivators"

[chorus:]

We be the number one motivators
Ghetto mentality and the innovators
Some of y'all may really hate us
But we won't be soft, all we wanna do is rock

[Phife:]

We be the crew that presents it on wicked instrumental
Damagin your mental, from here to Sacramento
This here groove was made for vintage freestylin
Feelin like I'm chillin on a Caribbean island
Rugged, raw material is what we bring forth
A Tribe Called Quest, we representin up North
What's that you're sayin in the back, actin all silly
Kickin freestyle raps, rollin up phillies

[Q-Tip:]

It's the four man fiasco in charge like Roscoe
Now you get the picture like Picasso
We make it happen when these niggaz start rappin
Who this, captain?
Stick out your hand, you gets no dap and..
I got the Razor, got the Phife, I got the Shaheed
Now all you shorties move your ass while you puff weed
Blessin fans with autographs in my paths
While other rappers get gassed, they be defeating the task

[Consequence:]

Yo, if I ruled the world
It wouldn't be that gassed shit, niggaz will make the light swirl
Cuz after you G, ain't nuthin but Girl...Scouts
And I'mma show you what it's all about(ah yeah)
Is what you say when my love is in your mouth
Without a doubt, I cut MCs like the cord
Cuz I does more than that MC from The Lords
While you be froggin like Bud-wei-ser
And rappin is what you slackin in
I'm knockin MCs outta action like abstinence
Rockin since kiss my dick was kickin ass
Peachfuzz, cuz...you might be on drugs

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

To all my people across the state who sit back and contemplate
Motivate, I motivate
To all my people across the land who get their feet stuck in sand

Motivate, I motivate y'all

[Consequence:]

A yo, I speak with something new but not Granddaddy I.U.
Stay tuned, live from the L-B-Q
A yo, it's destined St. John, I swing on your block
You know how I get down like Heather B. with them glocks
I came to lead my team to victory like Hayden Fox
Cuz heads ain't ready for the willie I got
Ya naw'mean slim, I dug my thing like them grim
Leavin crews in state of black and blue like Rakim
And if you don't know, you better ask another
It's like 192 when we rollin deep cover
So don't shut down on the Razor
Cuz in the 9-Live we steppin through hotter than the Trail Blazers
And in Queens, I be a legend like Richard Dean
Son, I gotta team that Hakeem couldn't dream
While you be standin sellin, Queens keep it live
Who the hell you tellin (Kim from the Tribe)

[Phife:]

Let me tell you why I be the top dog in the industry
Because all these so-called mutts are not seein me
They too busy eatin cycles 1, 2 and 3
They can't MC, I'd rather be down with fuckin Droopy D
My style is deadly, word bond, act like you fuckin know
Been writin rhymes ever since Ray Parker sang with Radio
You're style is played out like a two-tone down goose
You couldn't Converse if you had fuckin react juice
So hold your corner as I fuckin bless this mic in here
I'm eatin through your crew like Stephen King's ankle layers
Chop off my feet, word to God, I'm gonna hurt you
(Will y'all fall off?) Will Laura fuck Urkel?
Never, here comes the funk, smell the aroma
Kid, my shit's the bomb, ask my peeps from Oklahoma

[Q-Tip:]

To all my people across the state who sit back and contemplate
Motivate, I motivate, I motivate y'all
To all my people across the land who get stuck in great sand
Motivate, I motivate y'all
To all my peoples everywhere throw your mitts in the air
Motivate, motivate, motivate, motivate
Can't do nuthin for your frontin, get involved and do somethin
Motivate, motivate, I motivate, I motivate, I moti...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jam"

[Girls talking on phone]

[Q-Tip:]

It was Friday afternoon in the middle of June
Heineken bottle caps and the aroma of boom
Around the time everybody had just got home from class
Shootin dice, talkin shit, hopin the cash would last
Yo, this was around the time when I didn't know no better
Juney moved around in a tinted out Jetta

[Phife:]

Then he introduced me to that hydro smoke
Then I took one toke, yo, I almost choked
See I never smoked before and my nerves got shot
Then he told me about the party at the spot jam rock
It was guaranteed on but I said "son, chill"
There's a joint around the way that's supposed to be real
Word

[Q-Tip:]

He said we got no Js, so we gonna do it right
Hit your man's joint first, then jam rock at one night
Then I said "aight", then I jumped inside the jetty
Let me take a shower, I'm sweaty, and then I'll be ready
Tonight is the night I get my groove on steady
And get my drink on with that Ford named Betty
I went upstairs to get fly, broke my tie
On some liquor, to meet my high quicker
Now, I'm tight, them know, the party is the M.O.
Me and my crew, we get it started like a demo
Eleven in the evenin, I'm feelin like a heathen
This thing is goin down and I highly doubt I'm leavin
Booty cheeks start to motion and the kids is drinkin potion
Word is bond, that Black Moon joint got me open
(Don't front)

[Consequence:]

A yo, the DJ put this short groove on
The good shit that makes a kid lose his drink
Blendin Risin to the Top and got these shorties hoppin
Nuthin but coppin, ain't no stoppin me now
Yo, I'm bound to win until that thing kicked in
The Alazay had me drunk, I don't know where to begin(echoed)

[Phife:]

Not I'm feelin kinda jaded, wildly coherent
Me and the fellas acted very irreverent

Butt grabbin, mad laughin and assin

[Consequence:]

When that chick caught up, the shorty lookin fed up
They say you drug one with this one, gibbin with that one

[Q-Tip:]

A yo, I'm just doin my thing, yo I'm just havin fun
You don't see me in here wylin pullin out no gun
Yo, I see some of that thing girl and I want some
So let's step inside this corner so that we can rap on
Over this bumpin ass song and some Dom Perignon

[Phife:]

I hit ya with the good lovin plus fillet mignon
(Yeah, yeah scrammy scrams, yo, that's that same old song)
(A yo, tell me why the hell your breath smells so strong)

[Consequence:]

Yo, put some brakes on your yappin or you won't live long
(Please nigga, push on)
Alright scrams, see you later (scrambs)
Can't mess with these street sharks or these alligators

[Phife:]

I can't take it no more, yo it's damn near four
I've been partyin and drinkin since I came out my door

[Q-Tip (Consequence)]

Look at these kids about to mix it, damn, where's the exit?
(Son, jetted to the ride and got the burner out the Lexus)
Yo, he cocked his joint back like he's about to let him have it
(Kid, I kept it movin like the Energizer rabbit)
A yo yo, it's time to skate, ain't no time to contemplate
(*[all:]* Whoops, looka there, there's Jake)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Crew"

[Intro: Q-Tip]

Just a lil somethin-somethin
about the cats who be fronting
You know the Tip, he be huntin
for all the goodness gracious
All across the wide spaces
yo, check it out, bust me down, yo
Yo... yo...

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

Youse my peoples, why it got to come down to this shit
Two people thinking as one so now he split
Remember what I said to you, you bleed, I bleed
C'mon, you know how we get down, if you're down, you need
And I'm supplying, the dynamic duo, electricfying
Everybody had to wet us, cuz no one will forget us
Son, I testify sure as God was my guide
Any petty little bullshit you did will slide
Same on my end, after all, what are we, friends
If niggaz ran me this, too much grounds we defend
In the honor or brotherhood cuz it's all good
Get on some grown man shit and let's knock on wood
But now seeing you baby in this stall out position
Wondering who's the dime piece that you're kissing
You night as well take the jigger and take my life
Cuz the dime piece you happen to be kissing is my wife
Shit, I should have know not to let these crab asses
Get within the circle of my girl and make passes
Now you disrespected me and everything I stand for
(But I'm saying though, son) Shhh, say no more
Allah forgive me, my thoughts is traveling to low desires
Should I turn the other cheek or react and perspire
Don't wanna see myself in penitentiary attire
But I caught him in the act and my emotion is dire

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Pressure"

[Verse]

[Q-Tip]

In this American metropolis filled with MC's
A Tribe Called Quest came to drop jewels wit' ease
Plus make you party, we do this music thing for everybody
Black, White, Latino and Asian, we cold raisin'
The stakes of hip-hop to a new plateau
To bridge gaps in generations for future plantations
A god-fearin' folk cos we all from the yolk
Of one breed, one seed, to good goals we proceed
Nowadays I strive to be a very good influence
Even though not too long ago I was a truant
Now I'm droppin' it on this and many broad topics
From man's obsession with money to holy prophets
Like Mohammed, yo, you know the scene is so freaky
Enemies they denounce me and my own try to sweep me
Now I got hip-hop acts posin' like fat cats
Lex and a Rolex, Moet and a top hat
But what about your contract, slick? Is you proper?
It's time we turned the tables of this hip-hop fable
I be strivin yo', tryna bang these joints out my skillet
And fulfil it, think about these kids, we can't kill it

[Phife]

Now every dog has his day, but eff that, it's my year
All you gat pullin' MC's could never come near
All that bogus type chatter, please put it to rest
It's the Phifer from Quest leavin' venues a mess
So I even start to (Rap) when you know you have no (Haps)
Wit' your simpleton (Lyrics), your light-hearted (Act)
Step back, me no have no time for dat
I'm blowin' up the spot for all you ras clot idi-ots
In a world where you have like a zillion MC's
Ninety percent of all you suckers have filthy LPs
Bitch this, trick that, come on, act like you know
I be that up north MC who never chose to play the down-low
(His name is Phife Dawg) I label myself as The Boss (True dat)
Same height as Little Vicious, yet I'm shorter than Kriss Kross
Queens representation, son, you know how we do
While Light' and Sha, they represent BK to the fullest
I be the sidekick to The Abstract, so get ready for combat
Yo, what about about them biters? Errr! Me not like that
My motto is to wreck shop, I do it on the non-stop
Come on party people, you must give me my props

Cos y'all know good and damn well that the style has been mastered
So head for the border you peasy-haired bastards
Before I start to put it on ya, come on now, must I warn ya?
Queens is in the house so all MC's go hold their corner

[Outro]

We feelin' pressures in here
You know we feelin' pressures
Feelin' pressures in here
You know we feelin' pressures
We gotta stand clear
Jus' gotta stand clear
Gotta gotta stand clear of the pressure
The what?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"1nce Again"

[Intro:]

You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
Word
Watch me bust they shit
OK

[Chorus:]

[Tammy Lucas]

Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce Again my friend
I swear you do it to me everytime
Cause you stay crazy on my mind
Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on
On and on and on

[Verse One: Phife Dawg, Q-Tip]

This is the year that I come in and just devestate
My style is great ask your peoples can I dominate?
My rhymes are harder than last night's erection
Don't play me close, I'll have this mic up in your rear section
My shit is lovely simply meaning that my joint is tight
Amping up the mic making sure production's tight
Sometimes I might catch a severe case of writer's block
But by the end of the day you'll be on my jock
My name's Malik my hobby's putting MC's to the test
And if you front I'll put my foot up in your friggin chest
Freestyle fanatic, and never will it ever stop
You crew is loose, you might just want to call the cops

Aiyyo I gotta put some action on paper
Make sure my verse jump up and spread out like the raper
The only tip I got for a waiter
Is watch the doorknob hit me where the dirty dog shoulda bit me
That was my train of thought, but for so long I fought
Now I'm at a level supreme to the devil
So turn up the bass and lay low on the treble
We be the real MC's and you dead, bring a shovel
Revitalize, the vital Tribe nigga, WHAT?
The ladies sweat the style like the squirrel sweat the nuts
You know a fellas good for the moola

Don't smoke no woolas, read the name call me Slick Tip the Ruler

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife]

Yo I've been treading on this globe man for twenty-five joints

Sometimes Shaitan got me by the pressure points

But I can break a fella down like sex

You eat Wheat Chex but still light in the ass and can't flex

If one nigga front I'ma make more pay

Cause toniiiight, we gettin off like O.J.

And yo I got a Dawg that bites, fuck the barking

Yo I got a crew with the beats and the smarts and

I fought my shit up on Linden in the one-nine-two

Forever writing never biting ain't shit else to do

Hoping to battle, but most MC's ain't ready yet

But if they huddle, and word, then this is good as set

You have MC's dropping bombs that's incredible

Some of the brothers, their styles are just despicable

As for me see I just do how I love to do

Try to deny me of my props then I'll be seeing you

Most of you suckers wanna be down for the tag along

The friggin fame, someone tell em that this shit ain't games

You gots to do this from your heart meaning your inner soul

And if it's real only then will you be on a roll

I try to stay on top my game there ain't no time to lose

Four albums deep as a Quester but still we payin dues

So hear me out one time, you gots ta be yourself

Cuz if you ain't yourself you end up by your friggin self

I'm coming rugged with the Linden Boule type of slang

And yo we'll see who can hang yo

You on point Tip?

Yo 1nce Again Phife

You on point Tip?

Yo 1nce Again Phife

You on point Tip?

Yo 1nce again Phife

Aiyoo that kid is hard!

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mind Power"

[Q-Tip:]

Your new lesson is to realize the mission when you hear it
MCin, see I got this in my spirit
I got verses like Mahalia singin church hymns
So strap up because you skatin on ice that's wild thin
A weak foundation doesn't make a good home
That's why mine is built on chrome microphones
We bout to do it theoretically, insteadably, to the medley
Come on
It's the complete Kamal, unique, Fareed, breed
That'll keep you broke down like a horse 5 speed
So move buddy, a yo we got to get this money
In this land of dead and crummy, ain't a damn thing funny
A yo, shout out to Mobb Deep, the Extra P
Busta Rhymes, De La, the J Beez, so don't sleep
We got reality for the carriage
Stayin sincere to this, so I know we gonna manage
Give me, liberty in mass amounts and Swiss bank accounts
With the sustainer, it'll be real
So me and my brothas, we can sit down and build
Like Rampage with that last boy scout appeal
We got that silk, satin, Manhattan intelligence feel
That keeps everything on even keels
So all you slow brothas talkin yang, ya poo tang
Now, we gonna show you how the real crew bang

[Consequence:]

A yo, I bring it to you live kid, Queens niggaz love static
Your rap's had it, braggin more numbers than mathematics
I get brains on pragmatic from leavin wet dreams shattered
That's the same copy gettin in your mug shot
I stays hot like summertime on LBQ and boo boo
The love shack is 192, my joint's smooth
To watch them niggaz fall like Linque
I keeps it brand new like school shoppin
It's on and poppin
So come peep this nigga's steez like rayon
You get laid off while I'll be gamin ghetto girl like 8-Off
The verdict's in, I be the look of blendin
Give up your goods cause it's the start of your endin

[Q-Tip:]

(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation
(Where ya at?)

[Phife:]

Now, all that glock totin' trash you talk will not prevail
It's stale, you'll either be dead or in jail
I keeps it realer than the logo on milk
Denouncin tough guy wannabes that look smoother than silk
That's the sound of the man gettin yanked off the stage
Tryin to front like he mad paid
Suckin so bad, we threw his mama off the train (insane)
MCs are just givin it all away (OK)
Who said him know about the Quest type sound?
Mess around and get your ass knocked down (clown)
I dedicate this to the posers that play hard
You wanna hear some rhymes, well come bring your bodyguard
So he can peep the worldwide Willie that we display
Leavin all MCs in complete disarray
I beez a veteran MC, crushin crews for years
You frontin hard, when you softer than the Berenstain Bears
Yeah, chumps be like "Phife, that ain't fair"
Fuck outta here, do I look like I care
Come off my stage, before I grab ya neck and handle ya
Wet ya like punani, then dry you like Canada
Shaheed Muhammad's on the Gemini mixer
Peace to Derrick Coleman, Mad Max and the Sixers
I'm cappin hard cause I got this rap shit sold
From Linden Boulevard down to Cascade Road
You know my steez, I treat hip hop like a sport
Holdin down fort up on Martinique Court like...

[Q-Tip:]

(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation
(Where ya at?) We gonna start the Zulu Nation
(Where ya at?) Come on, come on
(Where ya at?) We gonna put it all together
(Where ya at?) No matter what the hell the weather
(Where ya at?)

Uh, uh, mind power [x5]
Uh, uh, kickin willie is good, all throughout your whole hood
But we gotta start with the spirit first y'all
Mind power

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Hop"

[Q-Tip]

Yea, move your body, decide to party
'Bout to bring it to you kid like we never ever did
 My nigga Al G in it, my nigga Shaheed in it
We got the girl Kristine in it, got my man Big G in it

Hey, yo, inside the ghetto or in a sunny meadow
I'ma make you move whether woman or fellow
 Yo, I got the medals in the warfield of respect
 Like an ill porno make ya body get wet
Just a ghetto child trying to live a straight and narrow
Hoping that my shit will pierce your dome like an arrow
 I'm sure it will, especially if it's God's will
 MC's you ready to die cuz I'ma kill
All you negative feelings standing on two feet
 While I make the hotties move to the hip-hop beat
You know what's really killer, realer than you can imagine
Using every source of pain in my range to make it happen
 If I make it happen, that means I'm making motion
 And I'm doing my thing causing an ill commotion
 Everybody do the hop, niggaz soothe like lotion
 I lay up in the piece or an incognotion
You gotta do the hop then move to the beat, you don't stop
 Now everybody here, you do the hop
You going up to cop, a town full of brick, don't stop
 You gotta come back and do the hop
Yo, fuk the cop, you gotta come back and do the hop
 Move till your body won't stop
You gotta do the hop, nonstop motion, nonstop
 You gotta come back and do the, do the

[Phife]

You see you, your career is done like Johnny Carson's
 Get me vexed, I do like Left Eye, I'll start an arson
 Now that I got that out my system
Watch me stab up the track as if my name was OJ Simpson
 I packs it in like Van Halen
I work for mine, you, you're freeloading like Kato Kaelin
 I'm representing wit my crew
Mess around, bite my rhymes, I beat that ass wit my shoes
 C'mon, you know I'm crazy nice (nice, nice)
Brothers can't deal wit this shorty named Phife
 You must be mad in the head
I bust his ass and leave 'em bloodclot for dead
 Niggaz sound like Das EFX
If it ain't Das EFX, then they sounding like Meth
 You might as well do Megadeth

Yo, punk MC's better save your freaking breath
You'se a corny muthafuka
You must be high smoking dust wit Chris Tucker
You

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Keeping It Moving"

[Q-Tip:]

Somethin for your earhole, so you can clean them shits out
It seems that some don't understand what I'm talkin about
How you get West coast nigga, from West coast hater?
I could never dis a whole coast, my time is too greater(true)
Yeah, we from the East, the land of originators
You also from the West, the land of innovators
The only difference of the two is the style of the rap
Plus the musical track, this beef shit is so wack
Let me let y'all brothas know I ain't no West coast disser
Another thing I'm not is a damn ass kisser
So listen to my words as I set things straight
I ain't got no beef, so don't come in my face

Keep it movin, yeah to the K.I.M.

Keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.

I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin

Keep it movin, keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.

Keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.

I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin

[Q-Tip:]

Hip hop...a way of life

It doesn't tell you how to raise a child or treat a wife

I verbalize over...rhyme friendly

That puts a listener in a frenzy, so pop me in your Benzi

You dig it? Get wit it or get your melon splitted

If you ever try to combat, Sir Walter moves the king

We got the illy team that doesn't even sweat the gleam

Or glamour, we'll figure 4 your ass like Greg the Hammer

Man, we rockin joints like The Who or Santana

Keep jams packed and hotter than Havana

Positivity is the key in the lock

Put your hand on it, turn it to the right, ak

We doin daredevil dandies on these mics

Peace out to the whole Hiero who's puffin on the hydro

Yeah dun, we movin how we like

Since the days of rockin hi-los, we keepin things on pyro, fire

As we move with zeal and desire

Now, the hip hop plan, hope you complier

Son, we havin tunnel vision but my sight is real real broad

Cuz I can't afford to miss that call

Makin moves, not movies, as get on the ball

And we keepin things covered like a female shawl

When I watch hockey, yo, I just look for the brawl

Quest, Quest and you know we signin out y'all

Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin
Keep it movin, yeah yeah
Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, true dat, to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin

The Pharcyde, you know we do it up, uh, you know we do it up, uh
The Hiero, you know we do it up, yeah yeah, you know we do it up
Yeah, to the Mobb Deep, The Infamous, we do it up, yeah yeah
You know we do it up
To my peoples Know Naim, yeah, you know we do it up, uh uh
You know we do it up
To my man DJ Quik, uh, you know we do it up, uh uh, a do, a do it up
To my man Biz Mark, yeah yeah, you know we do it up, uh uh
You know we do it up
To my man Ike Love love, you know we do it up, yeah yeah
You know we do it up
And my man Extra P, P, you know we do it up, uh uh uh-uh, uh, uh up
I can't forget Dr. Dre, uh, you know we do it up
MC Eiht, uh, you know we do it up
Shelly Mae, uh, you know we do it up
Muhammad, uh, you know we do it up *[fading out]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Baby Phife's Return"

[Phife:]

The mad man Malik makes MCs run for Milk of Magnesia
Maybe that'll ease ya
Master of this microphone mackin, master as in great
I'll have your brain goin in circles as my style tends to ovulate
I'm makin moves, never movies, that's why y'all MCs lose me
Retrace, won't, so your stubborn like groupies
Kid, you know my flava, tear this whole jam apart
Fuck around and have your heart, like Jordan had Starks
While you playin hokey pokey, there's no time to be dokey
Cuz I come out to play every night like Charles Oakley
Dissin around with wack rhymin
You lose your grip from chalk climbin
Let me take this time to say R.I.P. to Phyllis Hyman
Who never got the props that she damn well deserved
But see me, you don't wanna see me, cuz all MCs are gettin served
The nerve, for you to even step to the Phifer
I'll bumrush your set and crush your whole cypher
Reserve, a spot for me in hip hop's hall of fame
Cuz rappin ain't no game, big up your head and maintain
Yeah, Queens forever in this piece crushin any beef
Ain't nuthin sweet, the bakery's across the fuckin street
Phife Dawg, swingin it back and forth just like Aaliyah
Makin moves on your heart like that trick Tamia
No doubt about it, I love hip hop to death
But yo Tip, bring in the chorus cuz I'm losin my breath

[Consequence:]

A, yo, you know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
You know the deal, ha, you know the deal

[Phife:]

Big up pop Duke, that's where I caught my athleticism
My mama, no doubt, that's where I got my lyricism
My nana, that's where I got my spiritualism
As for Tip and Shah, they made me stop from smokin izm
Now, when I'm with some cheese, I be lettin off gism
Writin rhymes since Daddy Kane and Biz Mark was on Prism
I gotta brave heart like the one named Shirley Chisholm
As for my late twin, boy, I wish I was with him
Got the Lightro in the back talkin bout (come on, get him)
And when it comes to rhymes, no doubt, I flip em
Sucka MC in my path, hey main, I say we ship him

Money please, your rhymes are wack, say word, this geek is trippin
Just because my name is Phife, my man, I'm never slippin
I got the type of flave to have your ass straight bitchin
For those who act cute, see I got them on mute
Have you walkin through your projects in your birthday suit
Cuz your style is off loot, so I played him like a flute
If youse a sucka MC, then it's you I rebuke
My style is, everday all day, similar to water
Crushin MCs as if my name was Sargent Slaughter
Keep shit hotter...than a sauna
Or better yet, the hormones on your Christian daughter
Hey, I tried to warn her
My sounds the type to kill, like the grill on Lauryn Hill
So all ya sucka MCs, y'all best go chill
Bout to go to Union Square so I can see my care bear
Singin good stuff in my ear, runnin fingers through my hair
Represent the Zulu Nation with illy rap creations
Just keep shit hotter than Death Row-Bad Boy confrontations
Chillin with Fudge Love because he represents the Haitians
Ya naw'mean

Word up
I just wanna big up everybody for supportin A Tribe Called Quest
Through the years
This be the fourth LP, you know what I'm sayin?
Tip, Shaheed and Phife, Beats, Rhymes and Life
Featuring my man, you know what I'm sayin, Consequence
192 is the area where we represent, for the ladies and gents, ha ha
You know what I'm sayin? Big up Shaheed Muhammad, that's my man
Christine, you know what I'm sayin, word life (fading out)
The Abstract Poetic, rockin this track
Bouncin it all over the place, in your face
You know what I'm sayin? My man Lightro...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Seperate/Together"

[Verse]

Sometimes men and women look at themselves and see bliss
Through experience we tend to exist
That's through our past or our caretakers
The instance is in particular, so you need to recognize that
if you take all this away
and look at us at the end of the day
we stand great among creation
So baby take these words as a little inspiration
While I kick this shit get your ass motivation
MCs, you're walking a thin line
Get in your ranks and tighten up as we walk through mines
and plus vipers, phony rhymers and biters
Money-grubbers, beat-dubbers
amongst a whole host of others
Who be fakin', fraudulatin'
Waitin' for your bacon
They be takin' and skatin' while you sit contemplatin'
Who's your peoples
Well let me tell you somethin' now paw
We're livin' a world that's R-A-double-raw
It's crazy but it's true, go for delly is the law
and if you cross the path then you dangerin' your jaw
And if you Glass Joe, don't go toe-for-toe
Yo all we wanna do is our thing and lay low
So brothers hold your heads high when you get down
Don't violate these women cuz we need them around
It's all of us together, not the one without the other
The Abstract is ill, word to mother.

[Chorus]

We got to do our do, not separate, together
Got to move on through, not separate, together
Got to do our do, not separate, together
Got to move on through, not separate, together

Yo, we got some problems baby
People stressed out, check it
But we can make it Sugar
Keep it light and I say
move on through separate
not together but together
Not separate, that's how
we got to do it, check it on out
Bust it, yo...

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"What Really Goes On"

[chorus:]

We got the bump-da-bump-da-bump bump [6X]
We got the bump-da-bump-da-bump bump-da-bump-da-bump
Bump-da-bump-da-bump

[Q-Tip:]

Yo, we preparin ourselves for this ultimate war
The MCs are really lost and it's at a big cost
We be rhymin at our show thinkin we gettin dough
Movin throught every town off the fumes of...
And accolades of the crowd with our chests out proud
Yo, we bout to pack these joints so that these...sound loud
Some kids be actin stank like a baby pant
It's the rapper Abstract that make the joint get amped
Yo, use your body maker and use your minds, to break true
Yo, we gotta do the do
Son, we livin in a time where mad folks talk (shit)
Representin they crews or they East-West clicks
Let me tell everybody from coast to coast
About the lands we boast, but we don't own jack
How the (fuck) we movin through makin moves like that?
How the (hell) we movin through makin moves like that?
Can you explain that? I doubt that, very highly
We got jewels and Mo and the life is tight rowdy
Everybody lookin (shitty) like a to' down committee
Let's make these institutions, body slam for the smitties
I got girls with plenty tails, smarts and big (titties)
And they all stressin me, yo, really?
What really goes on? (James Brown: I don't know)

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]

One is for the beat and the two is for the rhyme
Three is for the life, now we on this incline
Never catch this kid stickin forks in swine
Never ran my gibs in nuthin less than a dime
A few of my brothas did that asshole one time
Strivin miss sunrise, sometimes is known as crime
The three twenty-five got that Windex shine
And when I shot skelly, I had my boxes in lines
All I wanna do is live life and be fair
I used to stress girls with long legs and long hair
Now, I want a woman with a spiritual flair
God will never make it too hard for me to bare
I'm hungry like a derelict whose stays in the diluse
Some can count me out, but yo, I doubt that I lose

The Westernized world got our minds confused
You frontin on me, ak, then you don't get bruised
The funny style cats, they be playin games like Chucky
Government officials shoot their same old...
Made of devil agents a.k.a. the devil flunky
Stiff (ass) squares gettin mad cuz we funky
This the crap game, then we got the top rolls
The positive jumps the negative like frogs
Resentin evil vibes, yo, that (shit) is at the morgue
We celebrate laughin down in at the smorgas borg
You still lookin (shitty) like a to' down committee
Let's make this institution, buy the land for the smitties
I got girls with tails, plenty smarts and big (titties)
And they all stressin me...really

[chorus:]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Word Play"

[Q-Tip:]

One, two, what'cha wanna do
Three, four, cuz we're gonna give you more
Five, six, and we ain't the tricks
Seven, eight, and we got it straight
Nine, ten, cuz we make it blend
Eleven, twelve, never ever goin for self
Tribe Called Quest situation
Check it out

[Q-Tip:]

Power. People really get caught with this on different levels
Power controls your life
Money. The companion of the first. Some people tend to worship
And we know this ain't right.

[Phife:]

Attitude(attitude) is how I get my point across.
You can't call yourself an MC if you know that you're soft.
Agressive...is how the stage is approached. I burn MCs like toast
Cuz I'm the host with the most.

[Consequence:]

Ilin(ilin) is what you do when you're assin.
Whether it be you or all up in your past and...
Cashin...done turned your people corrupt
It's six o'clock, girl, you gotta get your weight up

[Q-Tip:]

Sex(sex). Either a man or a woman.
This agenda, but when lovers get down
Froggin. When niggaz try to play roles
But when they really need to put that shit background

[Phife:]

Miserable(miserable) is what your whole crew will be
If you're not original and you show no strategy
Heavenly...is how the track tends to flow
And if you don't know, tell em diggy said so

[Q-Tip:]

We livin this cuz it's deep in our bones
A Tribe Called Quest with this hip hop jones
So sit and analyze the lyrical spray
Cuz all it really is is word play(word play)(word)

[Consequence:]

Willie. That's what I kick to get this Millie on a lilly

Now, I'm packin dimes like Chilli

Stress(stress). That's what I always go through

Cuz it's survival of the fittest on the 192

[Q-Tip:]

Knowledge. When the mind accept facts
On this plane of livin, knowledge be the key, black
Understanding. Gettin a grip on what's revealed
When shit be real, can't give understanding back

[Phife:]

Analyze. That's what I do to MCs
That be talkin bout they this and that, money please
Ego. I'm on my own jock skill
Cuz if I don't say I'm the best, tell me who the hell will

[Consequence:]

Cheeba smoke y'all. That's what I use to get high
When I'm in a rut and I don't know why
Try. Yo try again my friend
Cuz you can't see this MC representin Linden

[Q-Tip:]

Freestyle(freestyle). A true MC trait
And when you do it ill, niggaz respect it as great
Yo, I gotta...*[laughing]*

[Phife:]

We livin this cuz it's deep in our bones
A Tribe Called Quest with the hip hop jones
So sit and analyze the lyrical spray
Cuz all it really is is word play(word play)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Stressed Out"

[Intro/Chorus: Faith Evans]

I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out
When you're face to face with your adversity
I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out
We're gonna make this thing work out eventually

[Verse One: Consequence, Q-Tip]

Yo I ain't one to complain but there's things in the game
(What's your name?) Consequence, I'm tight, burnt like flames
(And why's that?) American dreams, they got this ghetto kid in a fiend

Don't stress that cause it's not in your bloodstream
Your whole being, comes from greatness, d'you remember
Shatan got you caught in the storms of December
And brothers on the block packin nines like September
Crazy situations keeps pockets on slender

Yo I be on the avenue where they be actin brand new
I'm splurgin on these Reebok joints for shorty boo

All of a sudden, I saw these two kids frontin
Talkin out they joints but they wasn't sayin nuttin
My hand was on my toolie they was actin unruly
(Say word) Yo word up, yo I was tight caught up
But I swallowed my pride and let that nonsense ride
Because I'm positive it seems that negative dies

Yo we was at the dice game makin these cats look silly
Flamin, steady runnin off at the Willie

I had my cash mixed, my rent due, with my play-dough
I gotta see some loot so all my girls I blow
Shook them shits in my palm let em hit the flo'
Kept my eyeballs scopin for them pigs po-po
I got to go on the ave see my parole by fo'
But I gotta steady freak these boys like JoJo

And I was doin it, til I met Ike, Spike, and Mike
One roll, they had my pockets thirstier than Sprite

Yo I know the feelin, when you feelin like a villain
You be havin good thoughts but the evils be revealin
and the stresses of life can take you off the right path (no doubt)
Jealousy and envy tends to infiltrate your staff
We gotta hold it down so we can move on past

all adversities, so we can get through fast, like that

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Consequence]

You got the N.W.O. (low cash flow)
Your baby's on the way (and you don't know who)
And crosstown niggaz tryin to (bust at you)
Aiyyo they got me stressed out (and you don't know what to do)
So frame this Kodak black, and vision to my contact
with a poultry scrap, workers get pistol smacked
The switch hittin Queens, niggaz liquid sword spittin
with raw poppy, and now your first love is krill
Your vision of the mil got crept like Hey Lover
Tried to rise to the top, you just couldn't recover
And all I want is my laceration of the pie
to get this whip cream before the water runs dry
Niggaz flashdancin yo I don't know why
You're sick of snitchin, she got you cruisin to the pokey
like Smokey, the stress be tryin to squeeze out a homey
While I be tryin to get star status like Shinobi
So we can build a dynasty, just like the Toby's
And all I want, is the world to know my steez
These money hungry niggaz is seven thirty
And got me stressed out like these frog MC's

[Chorus]

[Outro: Faith Evans]

Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (oh yeah)
Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
We gon make it (gotta make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (gotta make it)
We're gonna make it (we gotta make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (we gonna make it)
We gonna make it (ohhhhhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhhh)
We gon make it (ahaowhwwww)
Don't worry we gon make it (ahahwwww)
I know we gonna make it (we're gonna make it)
C'mon baby we gon make it (yeahhhh)
We gon make it (yeahhahhahhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (we're gonna make it)
We've gotta make it (we've gotta make it)
We've gotta make it (oh yeah)
Know we're gonna make it
We're gonna make it, gonna make it, we gotta make it, know we gonna make it...

a tribe called quest
THE LOVE
MOVEMENT



A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Start It Up"

[quiet eerie voice] Yooooo....Yooooo...I hope ya'll ready...
Are ya ready? Here we go....

[Q-Tip]

What ya deal with...uhhh...
What ya deal wit'...what ya deal wit'...
Turn me up some more?

Incognito, speakin' to ya
Feel this, have it, makin' music
Men and women, boys an' girls an'
Welcome to the movement, the fifth wit' improvement
Aristotle, Plato, Freud
Yeah right, Abstract, never void
I make it easy for ya'll to boogie down to
Hard to the ground, ooh the Tribe with the sound boo
Touch me, tease me, feed me, squeezy
Take it easy, never sleazy
Promise that I will not answer
The phone when it rings love, while we do out thing love
Never fakin', it's late, spirits
Through the music is our mission
Honies who were not cooler than the ghetto rebel risin'
To overthrow a ruler
Dearly beloved, dearly departed
There's a reason why we did it
Cuz it's inside the body and the hearts
So here we are fam let's start, c'mon...

[CHORUS:]

Don't beat me in the head with the bullsh*t bat
C'mon everybody let's start *[x2]*

Ummah, Mos, Jane Doe, Willy
Punchline, Wordsworth, SV, Chrissy
S.O.S., Tribe Called Quest
Get it off your chest, say it: "Tribe Called Quest!"
Can you feel it when it hit right
Can you feel it when we do it
Truth, power, taste, devour
Niggaz in the street here comes the illest beat now
Move oceans wit' your mental
Think it, do it, be it, embellish
Here's another point for everyone to relish
When Ski busts his tools all ya'll foes will embellish
For somethin' wicked at ya'll faces
What I see is longin', needin'

Hey I got you with that goooooood stuff
And ya probably won't get enough
Ay-yo, lyrics I got it, lyrics, cadence
Do it with fun and patience
Funky, rhythmic, characteristic
Ebonically lingustic wit' the ghetto futuristic
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay....

[CHORUS x2]

Beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, head, head, head...

So here we are fam let's start, so here we are fam let's start
So here we are fam let's start, so here we are fam let's start
To the Ummah family lets start
A-yo get off your ass and let's start, A-yo, here we are fam let's start
C'mon, get off your ass and let's start, here we are fam let's start
Here we is fam let's start, get off your ass and let's start
Here we are fam let's start, get off your aaaassss-ah-ah-ah-ah
Ha ha ha ha...let's start

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Find A Way"

[Chorus:]

Now you caught me heart for the evening
Kissed my cheek, moved in, you confuse things
Should I just sit out or come harder?
Help me find my way

[Q-Tip:]

Messing me up, my whole head
Teasing me, just like Tisha, did Martin
Now look at what you're starting
Schoolboy's crush and it ain't on the hush
The whole world sees it but you can't (uh)
My peoples they complain, sitt and rave and rant (come on)
Your name is out my mouth like an ancient chant (say what?)
Got me like a dog as I pause and pant...

[Phife:]

Speaking of which, got a leash and I wish just to rock you miss (come on)
Make a militant move, peep my strategy (what?)
End of the day you're not mad at me (uh)
Not dealing with nobody, now that's what you told me (what?)
I said: "hey yo, it's cool, we can just be friendly" (come on)
'Cause yo, picture me messing it up
Her mind not corrupt with the ill C-Cups
Shit, I'm on my J.O. (come on)
Bullshitting, hoping that the day goes slow (what?)
Got me like a friend, what confuses me though
Is kisses when we greet, tell me what's the dill yo? (dill yo, yo, yo...)

[Chorus x2]

[Q-Tip:]

Now why you wanna go and do that, love, huh?
Making things for me towards you harder
Killing me, just when I think we're there
You got the whole vibe and the flows in the air
Telling me 'bout next man
But next man ain't the nigga with the plan
Who got your heart in mind?
It's about time that you just unwind (come on)

[Phife:]

And let it just happen, make it front-free (uh)
Just sweat me like Moneypenny (uh)
Digging you, getting inside of your stee (what?)
It's the Quest that keeping you company
Forever, or however you want it

[Q-Tip:]

Word word, now wait a minute now before you jet it to the curb (yeah, yeah)
Start to make affections, which is good not the hurt
But it, it aint me, and I, I ain't blurred (uh)
I'ma still just chill with you
Maybe things could change if you change your view (come on)
If not then I guess it is cool (yeah)
just, to keep to yourself and adbide by the rules, right

check it out now...
check it out now...
like that now...
check it out now...
wha wha now...
check it out now...
yeah yeah now...
check it out now...
check it out now...
it's like that now...
check it out now...
yeah yeah now...
check it out now...
what you say, what? what?

[Chorus till fade out]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Da Booty"

[Q-Tip]

Question

What is it that everybody has
And some pirates and theives try to take

[Chorus]

Da Booty (and if you is a crook than you takin' it)
Da Booty (and if you got money you shakin' it)
Da Booty (come on everybody that's here, that's word
to Phife Dawg and my man Shaheed)

[Q-Tip]

I give my promise to all y'all to keep my shit hittin'
Half of y'all claim dog but now a light kitten
Flippin' on brothers just like Mary Lou Retton
Get off that ass and see what I'm settin'
Born with this inside, you just can't get it
This is the lethal pop and you have no weapon
Who is the native brother who keep asses steppin'
make deep impressions and constantly be reppin'

[Phife]

When I was young I'd stretch gouch yo
Now I'm on Letterman, on the couch yo
the black thing with knives is called the back do'
can't we be cool instead of being foul though
Ghetto child dreams of fast cars and fast dollars
Impressions of live sometimes makes ya holler
Scream all that devil shit and talk like a scholar
You dumb as a doorknob, and why do you bother

[Q-Tip]

Phife Dawg puttin' the bite back in yours
Top dog, puttin' it up, flick his balls
MC from now til I get a frown
Shake that ass girl because you world renowned
Wake up, look at the sun, see the sights
Bull duke, you've got to die for your rights
MC's, y'all got to work for the mic
Zombies, do it from dusk to the night

[Chorus]

[Q-Tip]

Rock to the beat, yo it's never the same
Good girls usually got good game
Hot cats tearin' that ass out the frills

Block ass, you had no skills, that's the reals
 Make this money without the friction
Take this honey, there goes your diction
 Rappers better retreat, fix your joints
My whole crew got bumps on they points

[Phife]

Rumors being spread 'bout me and my click
We can't rock shows and our rhymes ain't shhh
 Might not've heard it, or maybe you have
Between me and you, they can kiss my ass
Used to get angry, used to get quite vexed
But say what you may, just cash my check
'Cause all I'm ever guilty of is going on tour
 Doing shows galore, and bringin' it raw

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Steppin' It Up"

(feat. Redman)

[Q-Tip] Phiiiiife Dawg

[Phife] Yo Kamal

[Q-Tip] Reggie Noble

[Redman] Up in ya!

[Q-Tip] Yo Busta Bus, yo it's time to step up

[Busta Rhymes]

You know I plas-ter, the little bas-tard

and mastered the real way you slap the bitchest niggaz backwards

Hah! Uh-oh, aiyyo, whenever Busta Rhymes say so (mmmhmm)

when we move yes (mmmhmm) sometimes we lay low (mmmhmm) aiyyo (yo)

Big up my little nigga Pedro

Make you after the L like turkey, cheese and to-ma-to (to)

Fuck is that? Especially for niggaz that will pay no

attention to instructions, like they still wan' disobey y'all

Wonderin how it's activate real quick?

But then I could grow about five feet more with an extra dick!

One dick to hold in my hand when I'm rockin the mic

The extra dick to blow up the pussy for the rest of the night

Then I return with more lyrics like a bunch of rough niggaz

They tough niggaz that snuff niggaz (hah)

I know the club got enough niggaz (huh!)

to slap your face, expert, who the next jerk, to make me

exert heat? FUKKIT, let me network!

[Redman] Ha-hah!

[Q-Tip] Yo Reggie Noble

[Redman] Feel me, yo Busta Bus

[Busta] What up?

[Q-Tip] Yo Phife Dawg, yo it's time to step up

[Phife]

Yo what the fuck, ungh!

Check it here, peep the four-man transaction (action)

Phife diggy Dawg, we on some Todd Shaw mackin (mackin)

You know my stee', there's no time for relaxin (relaxin)

Word to Reggie (Phife Dawg) yo it's _Time 4 Sum Aksion_

Girl swing yo' ass, I can feel you climaxin (climaxin)

Don't even front, you know you wanna make it happen (make it happen!)

Yo Busta Bus, do you hear Violator faxin? (mad faxin)

Eighty G's for one show (eighty G's yo) that's satisfaction (satisfaction)

Now which emcee feel like he fuckin with dis heah? (This here)

Word to Queens, I keep shit hot like a canish, yeah (Nish yeah!)

Malik is back, I'm here to make you look foolish (foolish)

My roughest niggaz in the Apple (Apple) on Coolidge (Coolidge)

Remember White Shadow? My click stay sharper than an arrow (c'mon)

Plus in Trinidad I'm treated like the mighty sparrow (uh-huh)
Freestylin son, like there was no tommorrow (fuck it up nigga fuck it up)
Hence the reason why your bitch ass would love to follow (what?)
Two different toasters in your chest will make your shit hollow
How's about them apples, oh is it too hard to swallow?
Push your wig back, word to Big Moot and Bolo
Billy Razor, Fudge Lover, on down to Shine Lightro (Love Movement)
Yo Bootsy takes this mic from this fool see, make him run it
Five-foot invasion son, you can't run from it

[Busta] Yo Reggie Noble
[Redman] Blaoowww, yo Phife diggy!
[Phife] What up?
[Busta] Yo yo Kamal it's your time to step up!

[Q-Tip]
Check it out, the original, shit, we makin it
Takin it, to the extremes, we breakin it
When we get, inside a zone then you feel that it's good
All you jelly cats stop marinatin my wood
Niggazm grab the mic with loads of malarkey
I bring the knowledge and wield the anarchy
Put it on pooh-butts who's unsettled with ignorance
Give the last sentence with poignance and diligence
Eighteen wheelin through niggaz like truckers
Breakin ankles, put it on like we at the ruckus
Guaranteein that shorty can move it around
In the place that gets you hot but leaves you here on the ground
Contenders don't you even think to challenge the crown
Of these brothers who so elequently hold the beat down
Fuck the rigamarole, we vyin for the control
We the musical equation of the whole entire nation

[Q-Tip] Yo Phife Dawg
[Phife] Yes Kamal
[Q-Tip] Busta Bus
[Busta] What up?
[Q-Tip] Yo Reggie Noble yo it's time to step up

[Redman]
Yo yo
I'm just a ill nigga who don't got it all up stairs
Riding dick, get the balls til they come in pairs
Oh yeah, throw the goggles on these engineers
Cause it might, get kinda wet when I spit this here
Yo, I'm six-foot-one with a big ass gun
To carry it you'd need a waistline the size of Big Pun
But I move crowds without a gun
like if -- The New York State Lottery is ninety nine million!!
Hah-hah, yo, when it's time to flow I suprise and blow
five hundred thousand units off a dime a trow
Forty below, I'm thorough when it's time to throw
the caboose, I'm even hard to be touched by a masousse

Whoo-whoo! Funk Doc gets the money
and best believe I went through more trees than Sonny
Me, Kamal, Busta Bus, Phife Dawg
Shittin, pussy niggaz get Lysol!
Heh heh heh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Like It Like That"

[Q-Tip]

OOOOOOOHHHHH Ya [echoes]
Say What?
We was in the back of the joint cooling out
And I saw this girl
Asked her if she like it like that
Nod her head yes, therefore I didn't stress
Let my beat keep knocking cause we rock it like that
Bust your ass slow, as if you didn't know
Put my mic inside your brain zone, dis home dis
It's the rhyme, it's the beat that vibe all together
That makes the competitors sound like this
Really do I care yo, I let down my hair
When the music's up loud man, I jums real that
Lyrical valow, in club, in the go
In jeep in America, Tribe go mad
Females ride when my niggas just ride
With the songs we creating and musically relating
Sex niggas talk, my body's in chart
Meanwhile they boot shaking
On some funk shit faking
Wait, I can't front, stick men
Hereâ€™s a few who really come to do
What they say gonna do
Back at the ranch
There's no car branch
Everybody gonna move when we say move

Do you like it?
Say yeah if you like it like that
YEAH!!!!
Do you like it?
Hell yeah if you like it like that
HELL YEAH!!!!
Do you like it?
Tell me if you like it like that
YEAH!!!!
Do you like it?
Verse two if you like it like that
COME ON!!!!

[Q-Tip]

Who could be the one
Rhyming ill, having fun
Blowing up, making musical memories and things

Elevate your thoughts on the vibe that we brought
While we climbing we shine like a super bowl ring
 You could do it too
 I mean hot like we do
It's a lot like we do and make your own mark
 It's deeper than the song
 Hope you live your life long
When you win, how you start, kid you gotta have heart
 Niggas in my shit, move
 Give a nigga room
Back it up, it's a grown man making on time
 Plus you damn similar to Newport's
 Smoking ain't a new sport
 Smoke you sister in vendible
Gotta spread love, no matter where you are
 Where you at, where you went
 Cause nobody want beef
 Fountain is good, just flows like a river
 Just go with a nigga, kid my stay ain't brief
Put your heart in the day, in the night, family Enemies but yo I
 really don't wet that
 We was in the back of the joint cooling out
 And saw this girl
 Asked if her if she like it like that, yo
 You like it that *[repeat till fade]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Common Ground (Get It Going On)"

[Q-Tip:]

Who that at the door? (Yo, Tip, it's her)
What you doin here, in front of my face? [x3]
You didn't want my...you didn't want it
To go somewhere, you all on it
But if you want to, then you can come here
Come here, yo

[Q-Tip:]

Have you ever met a woman that just took your breath?
So deep inside her life, she contemplated death
Can't help but get attatched to a woman like that (true dat) [x4]
The contact was quite immediate, I had to attack
(Because you the man, yo, you know you the man)
We related and debated over food and tunes
Started out in September, now we enterin June (say word) [x4]
Simple night in the crib, no, it just won't do
(no it just won't do, no it just won't do)
Because she liable to start shit that's wildin you
(wildin you, wildin...)
She wanna push my whip, buy diamond chips
And take on trips, conversin my flip
Gotta do her hair, take her out to the fair
When a jake be there, make sure you don't stare
At another one comin, don't be startin nuthin
Be a slave to her, don't be brave to her
Make sure that she's right, make sure that you're wrong
When she wants to do it, make sure that it's long
f anyone wanna make it work it's me (Phife Dawg help me out) [x2]
But we gotta come through with common ground baby
Any man, he can claim to be the one for you
But put it straight to your lover in life runs true

[chorus:]

And if it's me then let's get it going on [x4]
Get it going on, let's get it going on
And if it's me then let's get it going on [x2]

[Q-Tip:]

Phife Dawg in the break, is she more than you can take?

[Phife:]

See, I'm not the one to be taken advantage of
And if you really think about it, I got nuthin but love
Now if your heart isn't in it, please let me know
There's no need to waste time, if it's no, then I'll go

[chorus:]

And if it's me then let's get it going on [x4]

Get it going on, let's get it going on

And if it's me then let's get it going on [x2]

Get it going on, let's get it going on

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"His Name is Mutty Ranks"

[Phife Dawg]

Live and direct, live and direct!
You know what live and direct mean?
Live and direct, come!!!

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, how you be, how you be?
From New York to A-T-Aliens, youknowhatl'msayin?
Word up, do it like this
Word up word up, do it like that
And you don't stop, and you don't quit
Unless you're in the studio doin wack shit
Yo check it

Boom batta, watch your teeth shatter
All that shit you pop in your jams, it won't matter
Bust your whole grill, now watch that joint shatter
I'm the Captain of the ship, FUCK a William Shatner
Emcees be poppin shit when they squeezin they cake batter
Claimin they style be fat, but guess whose style is fatter?
The ill beat jacker, emcee attacker
Fuckin with the Diggy it don't, get no blacker
Malik is Zach Taylor, ey the stress reliever
Brown eyed shorty, chocolate like Godiva
Fuck what you heard I'll make YOU a believer
Me gettin burnt, that's like a white girl named Shareema
You never see her, cause she's the black like Sarafina
Set shit off like Monifah, nickel like Khadija
So girls with fat asses and tits, nice to meet ya
Do five plus five equals ten? Ask your teacher
For God so loved the world he said Phife, ask your preacher
Love to toot my own Horne, similar to Lena
Before I take stage, I take sips of Aquefina
 Fucked Judy Jetson now they call me Jet Screamer
Love my coffee dark so you can keep your dairy creamer
Tribe fallin off well youse a got damn dreamer

Hah, yaknahmean?
A word up a word up a word up a word up yo
Have you heard the one make the crowd rock?
Tribe Called Quest we haffa do it non-stop
Listen to the radio we're never goin pop cause
ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
Say ya nah ready, say ya nah ready
Say ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
Say ya nah ready, say ya nah ready
Say ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
And we out like that, fuck that

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Give Me"

(feat. Noreaga)

[Chorus]

Doin' our thing in Queens
We had dreams about bein' emcees
And there was no concern about so and so
And these record companies
But now we all are grown
And the spots is gettin' blown
Boyz II Men, ABC, BBD
Nah, we ain't none of them, B
Give me
So give me
Nore, Phife Dawg and Abstract
Give me
To everyone in the world
Nore, Phife Dawg and Abstract

[Noreaga]

Yo when I rap, all my niggas love Abstract
Yo, from Far Rock to Flushing, concussion
Every time a nigga rhyme it's like we get our bus' on
I used to ride a dollar van and really get my bus on
Yo, from South Don to El Segundo
All my niggas gettin' high yo, and still livin' on the run though
Get alot a dough so now we have a lot of fun though
Q-U, two E's, N-S
All we really care about is money, cheba and sex
what what what

[Q-Tip]

niggas get faded, never outdated
Give it to the world, 'cause for long they waited
Shorties online to cop the new CD
So hip-hop'll bust nut in graffiti
We could two-piece it or we could just seize it
Shorty, you're my shit, 'cause my style wild decent
What's it gonna be, the party or the precent?
Queens cats rock, keep it rugged and recent
my nigga Nore thug it out (thug it out, no doubt)
Phife Dawg buggin' out (buggin' out, no doubt)
The Love Movement no doubt (Love Movement, no doubt)
Ali Shaheed get a shout (shout it out, no doubt)

[Noreaga]

Yo better things, hold on, take a time out
Huddle up, yo, Queens niggas won't fuck it up
Keep my southside niggas just palyin' the cut

While my Queensbridge people stay roughin' you up
East Elmhurst, Carona, Iatola
Keep the caller ID on the Motorola
Gotta keep the po-po on the payola
Queens niggas shut it down, now it's all over

[Phife]

One nine two, the Bully fram Lou
Merrick Van Wig holler Shaft got brew
Head up Jamacia Ave, cop a tape by DJ Clue
Move to the acre, sippin' on a guinney booze
Scoopin' ladies up in babies makes my day complete
Freestylin' over beats for my peoples in the street
This is a place where stars are born
Linden to Lawton, we keep it hot like porn

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Pad & Pen"

(feat. D-Life)

[D-Life]

This is the master D-Life
as we set it off with my mans A Tribe Called Quest
And uhh, we got to do it like this baby
We got to do it like that baby
We got the good shit not the bullshit, yaknahmean? Ha hah
We bout to count it down, we bout to count it off
It goes a-one, two, three, ahh!

[Q-Tip]

Malik we gettin back into that shit again
And when we rhyme, brothers need to break they pens, uh-oh
It's The Love Movement never ends
The rap game'll never be the same again
(Phife Dawg where you at baby?) We came again

[Phife Dawg]

Here I come again, you feelin fine?
The Dawg is like a overflowin rhyme from mind
Usually mess with shorties whose a 8 or 9
Shorty bump around to the bass-line

[Q-Tip]

F keeps a burner on the waist-line
That cat's trickin off, I ain't wastin mine
You feel the uniqueness, you seekin this?
And when we do it, we be freakin this

[Phife Dawg]

Don't even front, you know you feelin this
My shade is borderin around licorice (licorice)
Enjoyin this tune, glad you playin it
(Aiyyo Phife what's the hook?)
Here we sayin it, SAYIN IT, SAYIN IT

[Chorus: with D-Life]

My pad and my pen (ah ah, you didn't go there)
The beat and the blend (say word, you didn't go there)
The party won't end (you know, we got to be there)
Just keep your ?, buildin with friends, yo
[repeat x2 w/ variations]

[Q-Tip]

One love, one life, and one destiny
It seems that the devil keeps testin me

Got the illest part of the recipe
Yo tell your homegirl to stop stressin me (stop it)
Undressin me is the part you really like
Brothers hold the cracks now they holdin mics
The cusses you get, ? steady rights
Marauders, we did that shit at Mid-night, a-ah-aight-aight

[Phife Dawg]

I love it when my honeydip be slobbin me
Don't take it personal it's just comedy
My comedy completely turned to tragedy
I sense some of these rappers still be mad at me
Sweatin her because of her anatomy
When I bang you it'll be assault and battery
Don't make me discombobulate your micraphone
Talkin trash will only get you freakin head, flown

[Q-Tip]

Uhh, buy em out the box, never faulty ones
Get in that ass like karate son
I act with the light, sometimes it's lookin grim
We manage a smile, sometimes we slip it in

[Phife Dawg]

My Tribe be worldwide like the Nike swoosh
Emcees be soundin moist like vagina juice
The top of the world, we pursuin it
Don't worry about a thing, cause we doin it
DOIN IT, DOIN IT

[Chorus x2]

[D-Life]

That's the way we do.. c'mon, that's the way we do
It's the nigga D-Life, with T-C-Q
That's the way we are.. and the beat won't stop
Got to blow it up for the top..
Didn't think you knew how we rock..

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Busta's Lament"

[Phife Dawg]

Fuck the car-jacking, Phife Diggy is rapping
Got dawgs with love and plus dawgs that's packin
So what's the deal Captain, if it's time for some action
 Watch me roll with hon, try to push her back
 Which one of these niggaz, think they fuckin wit dis?
 Put your money on Queens, yo these cats is pissed
 Meanin hot green and stinky, see shorty there winkin?
 Hit her off so hard, that her eyes start blinkin
 Then massage her down, with the word serene
 It's the Dawg For Pres, new star on the scene
 And I'm here for the battle, right down to the letter
 If it rains today, then it's a double-header
 Range Beemaz and Benz, 1100's and Jettas
 Phife Dawg for whatever, just get it together

(Just) get it together
(Just) get it together
(Just) get it together

[Q-Tip]

Just get it together
No matter the weather, or where you at
This is how we gon' do it, cause we keep shit fat
 You gotta

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it

[a lot of "yo" from Busta Rhymes]

[Q-Tip]

Didn't you read the news, did you heed the alarm
It was good overall, it said that we was the bomb
 I'ma make the call, and I hope you respond
 We the stars y'all, and everyone beckons far
You a star and you shining, I'm one and I'm rhyming
 Let's get together, start intertwining
Yo you coming with me, somewhere where you can't see
 with his bonafide joints, underneath the sea
 Of confusion and glitter, nobody's a quitter
Try to front and get ripped, from your ear to your shitter
 Gon' put it on harder than anyone did
 It would benefit you to keep a wide open lid
 Makin sho' shot shit, makin sure you shine

Takin shows for sure, takin hearts in time
Do it all for the rhyme, and the rhythm and things
When we do it we bangin, like we inside the bang
Ain't doubtin nobody, when we inside the jam
But I'm proud overall, and I know who I am
As the constellation gets brighter this writer's goin

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it
[continues with variations]

[Know Naim]
Aiyyo, yo, this is Bebe LawdLawd
Bigga BeBeBeBe LawdLawd, from the Know Naim
Aiyyo we doin this, LP, to the world...

[a lot of "yo" from Busta Rhymes]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Hot 4 U"

[Q-Tip]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Knew a girl named Shelley
Six-pack belly
When we made love she made it shake like jelly
Put her own video star on my tele
Lived in the Bronx on the block named Fortelly
Had to be jetty cause this sucker hold netty
Kept blowing me up, her jonesing was steady
Told my man Louie that I really wasn't ready
Louie when we did it, man, we both got sweaty

[Phife]

This girl from my past
Had ridiculous ass
She attended UMASS and she passed every class
Walked down the hall with her stuffed up sass
Told the basketball players, she liked how they pass
But when I use to hit it
The ball cat, she quit it
She wouldn't ad-mit it
But shorty was addicted
(Say Word) Word, Nigga you heard
Like a fiend with a queen when he catches the bird

[Q-Tip]

Knowing how we living I'ma talk about Mayo
?Sagartery and mommy? Her love was a KO
We was on the under, had to stay on the lay low
Use to go so deep, she had to say Aiyyo
Rock with her friend, but her friend drove both way
Asked her about it and she used to say No way
Just let it go yo, I used to say OK
Just another day but fight anyway

[Chorus:]

[Q-Tip]

I put it down man, whatcha gonna do

[Phife]

Well hell, I put it down son, whatcha gonna do

[Together]

We put it down for the area crew

All the shortys that smoking y'all whoo

Looking good it you sipping on your brew

Come here ma, we make it hot for you
Come here ma, we make it hot for you
Come here ma, we make it hot for you

[Phife]

Met a shorty named Kenny
From East Saint Louie
Body good and plenty
The finest in Missouri
If you had no money, you better hit the highway
Even in her own right, she had to do it her way

[Q-Tip]

It was an ill situation when I met Dantanya
Worked in Saint Louis, in her mother's hair parlor
Use to hit her man for cake to come see me
Her and her man from home, they sold heemey
We had it hemmed, locked, sold and shit
When I thugged it yo, she said I was the ultimate
Broke her up kid, driving the drill like Truck Turner
All of things they did not concern her
People that we love yo, we love for a passion
I'ma type of cat that brings forth the action
You feeling me yo?
I hope you hearing me yo
One more thing before you start cheering me yo

[Chorus:]

[Q-Tip]

I put it down Phife, what we gonna do

[Phife]

Well hell, I put it down son, whatcha gonna do

[Together]

We put it down for the area crew

All the shortys that smoking y'all whoo

Looking good it you sipping on your brew

Come here ma, we make it hot for you *[repeat till end]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Against the World"

[Intro: Phife and Tip]

Back at you,
Right back at you,

[Verse 1: Tip and Phife]

Drove around the block,
Drove a lot,
Lookin' all around,
Don't see no cops,
Whispered in your ear, a ghetto star,
Sittin' on my lap inside of my car,
Lookin' at my lips, take a taste,
Taste yours too, rub your back,
Run your fingers on the logo of my baseball hat,
Moonlight dancin' inside of your eyes,
Close your legs, I start to sigh,
Now I reach down to unlace my Nikes,
Kick off your Adidas 'cause that's what you like,
Chris Tucker joke passed inside of my head,
Put the thought away think of you instead,
Hot outside, it's hot in here,
Roll down the window the breeze in your hair,
Your earrings shake, you a baby doll,
You say you want me but did you want them all??,
Make me feel special, I know that you can,
Make me feel special like a prominent man,
Prominent, dominant McCoy and I'm real,
Another brotha's fan? Forget how he feel/

[Chorus: Tip and Phife]

[Repeat 4x]

Me and you girl go against the world,
Against the world?,

[Female voice] Hell yeah the world

[Female voice] [Repeat 3x]

Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Whole wide world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,

Whole wide world,

Yeah the world,

Yeah the world/

[Verse 2: Tip and Phife]

Zonin' undress ya??? Still hold play???

Or can you hold my hand, it's better that way,

If we was on video I'd press rewind,

A nigga think about you all the time,

Pidgeon dropped a note on top my head,

R&B, pop girl's a thoroughbred,

Run around the track, let me slow you downnnnnnnnn...[Pause]

Pick you up,

Raise your cups,

Let's double up,

Bomb came known, natural disas.

Fall in love with me? huh, well that's that ass.

Wanna get you, inside my world,

Process, straight, afro or curl,

Stretch me out, fade me in.

Stretch me out, take me in,
When you in need let me see yo

He bust with you. I'm a tap his chin??

make me feel special. I know that you can.

Make me feel special, I know that you can,
Make me feel special like a prominent man

Prominent, dominant McCoy and I'm real

Another brotha's fan? forget he feel!

Another brotha's fan! forget he fell!

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Love"

[all vocals by Q-Tip]

So many people, right now
Motivated to shit
Bull shit over some bull shit ass reasons
But we 'bout to put it inside of a love perspective like
Love it

We do it all for the love y'all
Yeah, we do it all for the love y'all
Weither white, black, Spanish, ain't a thug y'all
We do it, we give it all for the love y'all
We just givin' it all for the love y'all
We do it, we do it all for the love y'all
We in the party, put your hands up
Yeah y'all, we do it all for the love y'all

Love getting down and I love a cool breeze
Love seein' checks from record companies
Love lovin' love 'cause I love what I do
And we do our thing for the one nine two
And the rest of the country 'cause we from there too
Makin' sure love is givin' when I get it from you
Everybody, we regulate the party and shit
Love it when I get a little rugged wit' it
Love the circumstance to make my dough flow right
Love rockin' mics plus the ill style nights
She does it real good but love'll make it mo' better
Got me kind of open in the DK sweater
Love when my peoples come home from jail bids
Really love women and I really love kids
Love tight gloves where the muisc just bang
Camp-ass with gas women or shorty got bangs
Loving' it
Yo yo, I'm lovin' it
Love a women when she got a tight outfit
Outfit meaning outlook and disposition
You love it when a nigga cause a love composition
Love peanut butter and jelly on wheat
Wylin' out, makin' hot shit to hot beats
>From Ohio to Poughkeepsie
>From Phoenix to NC
>From Cali to DC
Love it when the pressure falls righ on me
Love it when God keeps on overlookin'
Do a tight show so promoters keep bookin'

We do it all for the love y'all
Yeah, we do it all for the love y'all
We get the paper but it's still for the love y'all
>From the heart inside of the heart y'all
we do it, we do it all for the love y'all
For real, for the love, for the love y'all
All my peoples in the ghettos, for the love y'all
All my peoples all around, for the love y'all
For the love love

For my crews bomb, where my peoples still at
If they call me and I don't call back
For weeks at a time, love is still intact
Let's be big about it, and realize the fact
Love it, when the underdog comes through
Ghetto revalizer, overthrow these rules
Love it, when I get spared another day
Used to drink zay while my niggas weighed yay
Love it, when I gain control over this
Life is really bigger than the roly on my wrist
Got a twist to this shit and the answer's inside
Sho as the world's small and the missisipi's wide
Had to rock a vest over unchoosed fest
Now I see people rockin' theirs in jets
Love it when my loved one really hold me down
Brand new flight and I'm takin' off ground

We do it all for the love y'all
Check it out, we do it all for the love y'all
For the love y'all, for the love y'all
For the love, for the love y'all
We get the paper but it's still for the love y'all
Yo, we do it all for the love y'all
For everybody, for the love for the love y'all
Weither white, black, Spanish, ain't a thug y'all
Yeah, we givin' y'all this shit, the love y'all
Just the love inside of the heart y'all
Yeah, for the love for the love y'all
Yeah, for the love for the love y'al

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rock Rock Y'all"

(feat. Mos Def)

[Punch] Yo! We about to rock this joint, from the family. And
we want ya'll all to know, that it's time...

[CHORUS all:]
To rock rock ya'll
Freak freak ya'll
To the beat ya'll
It's unique ya'll [2x]

[Punch]
A-yo praise the master, make plans wit' your pastor
My rap'll blast ya, send you to the hereafter
I push a tractor, for horses grazin' in the pasture
Ya heard I was trickin', the whole room filled with laughter
In ciphers, I'm the one you don't rhyme after
You only know half of the math, it don't add up
The lead batter, my hits make ya frame shatter
Watch me now! Just begun like Jimmy Castor
I'm bad luck just like walkin' under ladders
Mad rappers, book of life, last chapter
Me and my squad build just like contractors
I break shit, you only give hairline fractures
Women flash us, don't know ya better ask us
A bastard, wit' more contacts than Lens Crafters
Tear down the rafters, venerials couldn't clap us
You need practice, hit chicks then I'm Casper

[Jane Doe]
The church of scientology, feminine biology
Manic depressive psychologically, A.D.D. alive and we
Polluted by technology, the fumes and its ecology
While your thought you was out of copy I get nastier than sodomy
Probably an oddesey, started back on robbery
Was the degree of the economy that do the sovereignty
Regarded as a prodigy, leery in sociology
Let the wallabees always conceal my gynecology
Rhymin' pathologically, that's how it gotta be!
Never makin' no apology, worshippin' my anthropology
Fuck modesty, studyin' microbiology
Causin' verbal lobotomy, it's in my geneology
Six months of sobriety, movin' very methodically
Like a unicorn, more ways than oceanography
Guard technology, rip shows antibiotically
True thugs bionically, give birth to criminology

[Words]

Yo as a youngin', I swear to God you couldn't tell me nothin'
I swore I was gettin' somethin', clothes or humpin'
For girls with the church, slacks with some shirts tucked in
I set it up for money, my mom worked when I was cuttin'
Unsigned strugglin', for the heat I lit the oven
One would by the CD, the other would do the dubbin'
Before I met Rob, I was in the clubs frontin'
Oh yeah I know the Tip, when I see him I be duckin'
But now when I'm clubbin', those that used to dis were buggin'
Overweight chicks, spandex, they stomachs sucked in
Stay interruptin', dance and try to cut in
Told people you got in free when you really snuck in

[Q-Tip]

We never get concerned about who's in the league
We just stay workin' so no one will need
An unconcerned outsider givin' niggaz feed
My niggaz puff weed but negotiate the seed
The family is granite and you can't intercede
I try to switch lanes at this operatin' speed
Cats in the game be gamblin' with greed
We the house, you the player and we gonna catch these
Who's the Sam Sneed makin' microphones bleed
Poker face creed while my mind just read
Shorty got rhythm but her freak got freed
That's insignificant but this take heed

[Mos Def]

They say I'm pretty like Clay is, bright like the day is
Beats from my fleet be sweet like Sugar Ray is
I'm swingin' this from Bay Ridge to where the Oakland Bay is
My game is tough to play, I'm tough to weigh like your safe is
The aim is, to make you recognize what the name is
Mos Def gon' set it straight from where the 718 is
The place with the great superginate the flavors
An all-star block with some all-star laymans
(Turn the music down!) This is probably some haters
Achin' cuz they hear us rotatin' on the playlist
>From B-boy laces to Detroit gators
Yo Tip I got to bail, where the scale? Help me weigh this...

Yo! We wan't ya'll to know...that this is the family, right?
And what we want everybody out there to do...on the dance floor...
is get ready...because noooowwwww we gonna...

[CHORUS [x6] to fade out]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Scenario (Remix)"

[Busta Rhymes:]

Here in 1992, we present the fabulous what's the Scenario remix
Where as there are 7 MCs.
Six which are in physical form, one which is in spiritual essence
And he goes by the name of, uh...HOOD!

[Hood:]

Check the vibe, punk that ass again, god
'F' it (SHIITT!!) ! I lay buckshots
Hood, madman, I rip up stages
Lay down your wages, I'm wild like Larry Davis
Extra, extra, pick up a clip. I'll tear that ass out the frame (HUH!)
And grab my dick(OH!)
By the beats that I bump, I kick and drop bombs
I'm rugged and deadly, so I shit on the petty
A musical badder bastard, I'm bad news
I'm crazy and clever, cut holes in crews
Death on the phono, my skills are dolo
You say 'oh no', you bitch ass homo
I bag up waste, electrifying, I'm primetime
I slaughter slime, I'm the greatest of all time
Sick ass brotha, nasty ass nigga
Pump slugs in your face and jump that ass in the river
Two tears in a bucket, fuck it, kick the can (SAY WHAT, SAY WHAT!!!)
I'm a bad, bad man

[Phife:]

Quick is how I flip from the tip of the lip
Punchin out hits like Gladys Knight and the Pips
The 5 foot assassin has just raided your area
Your booty rhymes are wack and that's the reason why I'm hearin ya (SO!)
Pull out the red carpet cuz I'm kickin this
Vanilla Ice platinum? That shit's ridiculous
Excuse my French, but profanity is all I knew
And to you other sellouts, oh yeah, 'F' you too
And let it be known, I'm not the one to step to
You better off callin D-Nice to your rescue
Freestyle fanatic, probably the best around
As for corny MCs, like Chuck D, I 'Shut 'Em Down'
The Artical Don of hip-hop and I won't stop
The 5 foot assassin has come to wreck 'nuff shop
So do like Michael Jackson and 'Remember the Time'(DO YOU REMEMBER?)
Put on your dancin shoes or somethin cuz you sho' can't rhyme

[Milo:]

(BIG UP BIG UP!) Into new eternity
Next was said somethin that complies onto me
What does it take to check a technique (MANY STYLES, MANY STYLES!)
Hostile heat brings forth the energy
Milo in the dance is the new identity
One, two mic check, select for the ruffneck
At a 10 to 1 bet, I come CORRECT!
In my cyphers are blocks, I bring box to connect with knots
So I can grow dreadlocks
Maintain the rock DON'T STOP THE ROCK!!!)
Maintain the rock (DON'T STOP THE ROCK!!!)
Kick it right, then not, E. Watt said not
I put my mug up, so fair is fair
So C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeah!)
C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeah!)

[Charlie Brown:]

Makin moves y'all (MOVES Y'ALL!)
On and on and on (CHECKA, CHECK IT OUT!!!)
To the breaka, breakadawn (WHO'S THAT?!?)
Guess, one of the LONS and A Tribe Called Quest
(EAST COAST!) to West
Remixed mad kick more than Metallica
To all ends like the Battlestar Gallactica
Stampin, stompin, rompin Compton
(PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!!!) I'm promptin (STYLE!)
Pick a style, any style, Strong Isle
Representation, sensationalization
Scenario for the radio, BLS and KISS, so
(HERE WE GO, YO!) Yeah
Force, Main Source LP on the rise
In Living Color was seen through original eyes
And I'm out like shout, Ooh Ahh, Ooh Ahh
(OOH AHH, OOH AHH!) There it is baby par

[Dinco:]

Vine, limb on a limb, slim chim
P I am, there I am (THERE I AM!)
Don't run from a blim
Sight be be right, be polite for mice like a Mike
SEE SICK, SEE SYKE
And slip away and off to the Poconos
Spot bring the flows, might swing the fruity poles
Yamaha (YAY-HA-MAY!)
Let's split the funk, now it all spells (HEY!)
Enough, enough, misfitted I'm with it
If I did it, I would split it and probably shouldn't have quit
Cuz yo, my public status act Knight like Gladys
Take rest space tests and yo, I'm like the maddest

Male, not female, hail from Uniondale
Bounce the beat for the beat pole cuz beats are bein yelled
In the hallway always ringin with a HO!
This is my 2 times 9 on the Scenario

[Q-Tip:]

Check it out everybody, rhymes and mics
Black mens gettin hip, DOIN WHAT THEY LIKE!
Eight black brothas in the public eye
If you listen very close, then I'll tell you why
HOOD!, Phife, Milo, Dinco and C. Brown
Shaheed, myself and Busta Bust Brown
Will commence to rock (ROCK!), so bring on the flocks (FLOCKS!)
Interrogation for the knockin of the box
The boom-box ruler controls the medula
None come cooler, I win like Shula
So bust out the moves as you start to pursue her
Intensified mind, non blunt consumer
Tip will come booty (WELL, IT'S ONLY A RUMOR!)
The beat is so sick, that it starts brain tumors (TUMORS!)
Peace to Hood baby from the midnight crooner
Smoke him up later, if not, then sooner

[Busta Rhymes:]

Hey what we gon DO! in '92, even though we had FUN! in '91
Quick to turn my day, all things comin down
Run up on the new sound, leavin cracks in the ground
What's goin on my man (GOD DAMN!) and now my brain is hurtin
Busta, rhythm will hit 'em, then I get 'em
Rip on 'em, shit on 'em, hit on 'em, then I will sit on 'em
Open up your mouth if you want the food
Take in full, Flipmode, cuz I'm in the mood, Uh-heh, uh-heh
Yeah man, that's how it goes
Body drippin with blood comin out your nose
Give me a band-aid, what are you askin for? (MORE!)
All in your secret and pure
Adverse, they said, check it and I bust a new rap
Rap, Busta Rhymes, and bust this wicked rap
Yeah y'all in '92, I'm packin my ant spray (ANYWAY!)
Tickle it, Tribe Called Quest, Leaders of the New School
Mad brothas would still think...Rhow, Rhow, Rhow!!!
To my dragon, baby, stop whining
I see my influence still shining
More crazy in '92, uh oh, time to go, yo
That's the Scenario!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Money Maker"

[all vocals by The Lone Ranger (Q-Tip)]

This is the Lone Ranger
If you're one of the fortuantre to purchase this
A Tribe Called Quest, The Love Movement album
You are privileged to witness the first in a series of attempts
To rectify music from it's rectulness
Again, this is the Lone Ranger with his first installment
Money Maker
Listen

Colder in the winter
And hotter in the summer
Get on up
Get on up
Live your life right when you be corrupt
Volcano about to erupt
Get it up, Get it up, Get it up

Got the motivating joints that keep your ass jumping
Why when a nigga get on, you want something
Yo I got the posinious traps for little rats that fiend
In come the bedroom dream
Kick it at a slow or at a quick tempo
A ladies' disposition won't fuck with the mental
I'm built for conflicts with chicks with issues
I can lick the wounds bring ease with miss yours
Bringin' all the pain and makin' things shiver
The beat make you bite your nails and shit your liver
And we gonna give a encore performance
Haters seem dormant while my presence is enormous
Tarnations, I went gold
Streesed out with Faith but told cats to get a hold
Who is the nigga who's mic is stronger
Rock for an hour and he might rock longer
Kid you're perplexed, seems I better get to gongin'
The clean up man, hang you up like on and
Don't step in the arena, that's a stern warning
I'm the pops, I raise the sun like morning
Seems you're still sleeping, hey, stop the yawning
Open up the blinds and witness the dawning
The new application and I'm the applier
And I'm a set it off like fire
Yeah yeah, that's where it's at
Make it hot and phat and like Puff (I like that)
Now I got to urge you on to move ahead
Don't dread, 'cause I keep the stock in the shed

And if you need a boost, then I got the jump
Because we prone to make the party go bump bump bump bump bump bump
Where you is, if you the baby daddy then uplift the kids
Get back and plan, don't be on front flossin'
Incognito, you heard the name quite often
You dressed in black and been issued a coffin
I thrive on this plain, you off to the lost one
Like cayon pepper, it gets hot to the better
>From each little dash it get the whole smash
It's tasty too, so satisfy your whole pallid
Fake ID's are revoked, they're invalid
Infractin' bodies out on the dance floor
Is what I wanna see, not less but much more
The lyrics just spewed, he got good reviews
The kid made the news, how he left no clues
On how he just murderized the whole damn jam
He just got results that's smiles and waved hands
The mission could never be accomplished, however
Until we bounce to a autumn where hot weather
And still we'll be able to rock and rip crowds
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud
If you with the Tribe, chest out and be proud

Shake your money maker
Shake your money maker
Shake your money maker
Shake it, shake it

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Hot Sex"

[Chorus]

[Verse One: Phife]

Ayo who wanna pull on Phifer long time no hear from
Suckers walkin' around talking about they could get some
 But that pop is non cypher, no can do
And if you think I'm a dope, then ask the other crew
 And I proceed to let you know, exactly how to flow
 I'm not Lawn Doctor so just step off with the hoe
 Oops my mistake I didn't know you went with her
Should I run down the line of the all the kids that done hit her
 Don't be bitter, I hear that honey resembles a critter
 I heard she likes to do one-one my man John Ritter
 But back to the subject you can't catch wreck
 You must get respect, to earn respect
Suckers think they could herb me cuz know I where specks
 You're full of jokes, but you your name ain't flex
I got the riches, the bitches, I'm large like a Huxtable
 You think you're all that but you're girl's quite doable
 Yeah, I'm tellin' you G, to back up off me
 I'm not a mad cohort, but I'm not Mr. Softee
 Rappin' is an art, coming straight from the heart
 So forget the chart because the action can start

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip]

Where ya at? To all my peoples with the funk
I'm the undercover brother dump your hoe in the trunk
 Save all the sad songs and the tearjerkers
 Niggaz step up it's the lyrical worker
The poems that I create ain't in paper back books
The poems that I create are for hookers and the crooks
 My mental is excelling cuz I dabble in the books
 I'm not the one to front on, so suboops-suboops
 Yo I gets the pickens, I'm such a damn Dickens
 If you step to this then the plot just thickens
I'll run you around the track like a bunny and a dog
 To me, your just another MC on the log
 A link on the chain, fluid on the brain
 I boast of hype lyrics, and yours are mardane
See I can't maintain, especially if you come back
 I'm the lyrical master blaster, yeah I can do that
 I can also do your girl, so leave the hoe at home
Cuz when I get done, I'll have her strung on bones

It's the no-joke pressure, that elevates my mind
Makes me pick up and go when it's time to drop a rhyme
 My title is locked, the Abstract poetic
 I'm in the idle mode but my energy's kinetic
 So smooth and debonair, especially for the ear
 Gotta keep my thing in gear cuz it's evident and clear
 That I will rock, rock, rock *[fades away]*

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Oh My God"

[Q-tip:]

Listen up everybody the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
with precision like a bullet, target bound
just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds
now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott
V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit
Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body
heavens on my side
even in Santo Domingo
Can I gotta Gringo
we got mikes when do we go
know a little nigga who can ryhme when you ask me
short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy
Phife Dawg
1 for the treble
2 for the bass
you know the style Tip
it's time to flip this
I like my beats hard like two day old shit
steady eatin booty M.C's like cheese Grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
it's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
but just in case I own more condoms then T.L.C.
now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali
for those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how i be
brothers find it's hard to do but never me
some brothers try to dis my malik
you see'm ditchin me
now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin
trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic
when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
(I don't know man[3x])
(I don't know[2x])

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God yes, Oh my god [x10])

[Q-Tip]

Complimentary it be

the theif of Poetry

I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down
down like the lady of the evenin
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God [x14])

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We've Got...)(Re-recording)"

[Q-Tip:]

Woo...Grand groove, grand groove [2X]

Rough, rough, rugged

Tough like a nugget

Listen to the Abstract Poetic, don't snub it

The Midnight Marauder is the hype beat arranger

Don't front on the lyrics or the two cuz it's danger

Hook you like a junkie, you'll flip like a monkey

To the openness of the rhythm, so proceed because I'm funky

I get down, down like a fly hooker's panties

Make you catch a spirit and motivate a fanny

I be the fly poet, rappers, they get jelly

Upset when I rock, cuz yo, they beats is smelly

See, I got it goin on like a Forbes tax return

Listenin to these lyrics when it's hot will make it burn

Baby burn, baby burn, up into the heavens

The skies up above, the one you think of

Is the highly regarded, hell of the people

Your mic and my mic? Come on, yo, no equal

So if ya wanna do it to yourself

That is to mess around with the jazz, then just blame yourself

Cuz you made your bed, so now you lay in it

That's your (shit) on the floor, then go and play in it

I refuse to catch a 'L' in a battle

Cuz yo, I got the jazz and I'll whup a rapper's (ass)

Into little next to nuthin

Test me if I'm frontin

I'm passin flyin colors cuz yo...

[Chorus Q-Tip:]

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) [7X]

We've got the jazz

Come on

Come on, Phife

[Phife:]

No need for introductions cuz you know who I be (the Phife Dawg)

Yep, the one who loves to slaughter MCs

I got style, grace and razamatazz

I'm like my girl Patrice Rushen, yo

I add pizazz, now

Most people remember Phife from the Phife like smoothness

But now it's time to hit you with roughneck rudeness

I'm still vexed, fuming, gots to come raw

The first punk that tries to flex, I'll be cracking your jaw

I'll mold you, fold you, roll you up like a spliff

Don't ever try to test or else that (ass) will get whipped
I'm forever poppin junk, its like a fat invite
To any MC who wants to flex, yo, we can do this tonight
 Gel up my posse up on Linden and 1-9-2
Pull up my brothas from Sayers Ave., the Brooklyn Zoo
 All my crew up in Strong Island, so yo, don't sleep
 Cuz it only takes a peek to watch that (ass) get beat
 Brothas wanna play rough, but they can all get some
Wanna be hero, but you're a zero, that means you gets none
 Don't ever try to step to a kid you can't get with
 Why mess with a brotha that your girl once slept with?
 I'm a negro, he's a negro, wanna be a negro too?
But beatin on a woman, is somethin that a puss would do
 I love jazz, but that doesn't mean that I'm timid
Not really a gangsta rapper but I can swing it for a minute

[Q-Tip:]

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) *[3X]*

Come on

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) *[3X]*

Come on

I go...woo...grand groove, grand groove

Ooh...grand groove, grand groove

Check it out

We got the jazz y'all *[3X]*

[ad lib]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"One Two Shit"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Intro: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg, Busta Rhymes]

One two, one two
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two [3X]
Yo it's the Q-Tip, you know I get down
Yes I rock to the rhythm of a funky sound

It go
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two [2X]

And it's the, Phife Dawg, and I do the same
And when it comes to rippin mics aiyyo it ain't no games
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two [2X]

Aiyyo you know it's Busta Rhymes, ev-ery time
Oh yes, I'm comin wicked with the new design
I'm sayin
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two [2X]

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

MC's ain't coming equipped with the rhymes
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
The time is eternal when you play with the miser
Soul is in my body, and the health make me wiser
The tantalizing wordplay yeah that's the joint
Sometimes I have to cuss just to prove my damn point
Brothers need to come, with better, compositions
I write, and recite, to make, good position
In this, rap game here, we en-gineer
Stabbin up the jam yeah son shit's clear
And I be kickin rhymes in my own damn way
Beatin niggaz to the punch like Sugar Ray
Got the cool-ass style, that's cooler than the cool
My lyrics is the bullet and the mic is the tool
Peace to C-Seventy-Three, and C-Seventy-Fo'
Do a little somethin when I'm out on tour
Comin thru like narcotics for the antibiotics
Flappin shorty's stockings to the Space-like Sprockets
What you really need to do is just boogie your ass
It's not gassed, we got to make the good times last
Let the good times roll, cuz we in control
Take you out on your high less you payin a toll
Let the good times roll, let the good times toll
Take you out on your high less you payin a toll

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Question

Why is that, MC's be wack
And major labels wanna sound like crap
Aiyyo Funk Dat!
Word to life I'm comin rugged
Cuz once you add the hip to the hop kid, it equals out to love
If the beat's fat I use it, some wack shit, I lose it
Refuse it, how could you chose it, it stinks Renuse it
Put down the mic kid, cuz you gets no dap
How long did it take for you to see you can't rap
The name is Phife Dawg, and I got nuff style
It doesn't take long for me to get buckwild
So bust what I'm swingin what I'm swingin when I swing
I rap when I rap cuz I never wanna sing
Go ask the last MC what happened when he said battle
I bust his ass in Cleveland now he's Sleepless in Seattle
Rude bwoy official comin with the ill grammar
Comin back on kids, like Joey Montana
We be the three MC's to make your mind go batty
Mad play, on WKRP in Cincinnati
So lord send a hon, if ya kyant send a han sen a man
An if ya kyan sen a man, come yaself
Cuz all deez bitin MC's, lawd dem somethin else
See I kick the styles that'll make ya ass melt
Money on my mind so never mind a trick
New York is the town and the team is the Knicks
World's greatest five footer rippin parties apart
Here comes Shaheed with the big green shark
Never had to rhyme about feelin what with lead
NEVER MIND DAT MON HERE COME DE DREAD

[Verse Three: Busta Rhymes]

We comin farrrr farrrr farrrr
Busta Rhymes is comin farrrr farr farr
ya know ya hear me Star!
Bet your bottom dollah
Right after this jam about one million one two niggaz go follow
Whether it be to-day or to-morrow
Niggaz be collaboratin sickening
you beat them like they father
Ohhhhh shit check out what I saying
Ah-hah ah-hah ohhhh ah-hah ah-hah
You know my niggaz don't be playing
Once upon a mah-hah-hacking time
I received the opportuni-ties to represent my first rhymes
To define, lyrical sensations
Black masons blowin up the spot
Just to represent the Nations
Three dimensions, tryclops, Mr. Busta Rhymes three eyes
Fat like a burger and fries
Mama-so-mama-saa-mamma-ma-ko-sah

Go back to the country to go check my grandma
Eeeyah!! Bring it to the table at the meetings
Gathering large receivings delivering intellectual ass beatings
As I carry on with my proceedings
Greetings!! Watch a nigga debut on premier movie screenings
But before I be face to face with my eternal resting place
I hope you find civilized every soul and every race
Sit dog sit!
Busta Rhymes forever on that ultrasonic shit!



A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Space Program"

(feat. Vincent Price)

I'mma deal with a bigger insult, man
The heat, the heat, the heat, the heat
It's comin' down hard
We've got to get our shit together

It's time to go left and not right
Gotta get it together forever
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one hitter quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Let's get it together, come on let's make it
Gotta make it to make it, to make it, to make it, to make it
To make something happen, to make something happen
To make something happen, let's make something happen

Word to Phifer

Gonna bring it to the overlord, drinkin' Cisco
Chilling with the gold microphone cords
And we grip our balls every time we stuntin' on tour
'Cause we never bore, responding to the ready crowd's roar
And promoters try to hit us with the art of war
We about our business, we not quitters
Not bullshitters, we deliver—we go-get it
Don't be bitter 'cause we not just niggas
Jarobi, my fiber wove into different cloth
Ain't nothing forbidden, this nigga get his written off
Hardest spit in the city y'all niggas spitting kitten soft
Confused and amazed, shook up with your brain missing lost
They planning for our future
None of our people involved
Pouring Henny and Smirnoff to get it cracking off
Cracking off a Smirnoff to quickly turn to Molotov
Molotov the spaceship doors before that bitch is taking off
It always seems the poorest persons
Are people forsaken, dawg
No Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons
On the captain's log
They'd rather lead us to the grayest water poison deadly smog
Mass un-blackening, it's happening, you feel it y'all?
Rather see we in a three-by-three structure with many bars
Leave us where we are so they can play among the stars
They taking off to Mars, got the space vessels overflowing
What, you think they want us there? All us niggas not going
Reputation ain't glowing, reparations ain't flowing

If you find yourself stuck in a creek, you better start rowing
Used to see the TV screen as the place to land my dream in
And the car stereo where they would promote the show
Optimistic little brother with a hope you know

(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here, nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here, nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck, stuck, stuck
(Move on to the stars)

Sit and wonder sometimes, I read the paper every day
All these happenings is cycular, just happen different ways
And the president's refined, in her wing she's confined
With about thirty Percocets and five bottles of wine
Carolina nothing finer than a Black woman who climbs
To the top of the State building claiming that that flag is mine
Now, people on top of people, feels like we can't breathe
Put so much in this muthafucka, feel like we shouldn't leave
Put it on TV, put it in movies, put it in our face
These notions and ideas and citizens live in space
I chuckle just like all of y'all, absurdity, after all
Takes money to get it running and money for trees to fall
Imagine for one second all the people are colored, please
Imagine for one second all the people in poverty
No matter the skin tone, culture or time zone
Think the ones who got it
Would even think to throw you a bone?
Moved you out your neighbourhood, did they find you a home?
Nah cypher, probably no place to
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude

Time to go left and not right
Gotta get it together forever
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformers, won't hear the quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters

For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one-hitter quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
 Make make make
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
 Gotta get it together forever
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For Tyson types and Che figures
 Make make make
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
 Gotta get it together forever
 Gotta get it together for brothers
 Gotta get it together for sisters
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For non-conformists, one-hitter quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
 Gotta get it together for brothers
 Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one-hitter quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
 Make, make, make
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen

The danger must be growing
For the rowers keep on rowing
And they're certainly not showing
Any signs that they are slowing!
 "We're there!"
 "Where?"
 "Here!"
A small step for mankind
But a giant step for us
Oompa, loompa, doopa dee doo
I've got another puzzle for you

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"We The People"

(feat. Consequence)

We don't believe you 'cause we the people
Are still here in the rear, ayo, we don't need you
You in the killing-off-good-young-nigga mood
When we get hungry we eat the same fucking food
The ramen noodle
Your simple voodoo is so maniacal, we're liable to pull a juju
The irony is that this bad bitch in my lap
She don't love me, she make money, she don't study that
She gon' give it to me, ain't gon' tell me run it back
She gon' take the brain to wetter plains, she spit on that
The doors have signs with, don't try to rhyme with
VH1 has a show that you can waste your time with
Guilty pleasures take the edge off reality
And for a salary I'd probably do that shit sporadically
The OG Gucci boots are smitten with iguanas
The IRS piranha see a nigga gettin' commas
Niggas in the hood living in a fishbowl
Gentrify here, now it's not a shit hole
Trendsetter, I know, my shit's cold
Ain't settling because I ain't so bold but ay

All you Black folks, you must go
All you Mexicans, you must go
And all you poor folks, you must go
Muslims and gays, boy, we hate your ways
So all you bad folks, you must go

The fog and the smog of news media that logs
False narratives of Gods that came up against the odds
We're not just nigga rappers with the bars
It's kismet that we're cosmic with the stars

You bastards overlooking street art
Better yet, street smarts but you keep us off the charts
So motherfuck your numbers and your statisticians
Fuck y'all know about true competition?
That's like a AL pitcher on deck talking about he hittin'
The only one who's hitting are the ones that's currently spittin'
We got your missy smitten rubbing on her little kitten
Dreaming of a world that's equal for women with no division
Boy, I tell you that's vision
Like Tony Romo when he hitting Witten
The Tribe be the best in they division
Shaheed Muhammad cut it with precision
Who can come back years later, still hit the shot?
Still them tryna move we off the fucking block

Babylon, bloodclot
Two pon yuh headtop

All you Black folks, you must go
All you Mexicans, you must go
And all you poor folks, you must go
Muslims and gays, boy, we hate your ways
So all you bad folks, you must go

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Whateva Will Be"

(feat. Consequence)

Girl, this motherfucker's got rhythm

So am I 'posed to be dead or doin' life in prison?

Just another dummy caught up in the system

Unruly hooligan who belongs in Spofford

Versus gettin' that degree at Stanford or Harvard

And by my work ethic, the way I speak

Yo, should it be mentally weak versus bein' Malik

Yo, should I be trapped in the trap? Would you prefer that?

Fourth grade mean level but he knows how to rap

Are you amused by our struggles? The English that's broken?

The weed that I'm smokin'? The guns that I'm totin'?

The drugs that I'm sellin'? No need for improvement

Fuck you and who you think I should be, forward movement

Melanin is shrouded in complexity

Brain charge shocking like 'lectricity

Mouth translate happens organically

The media relates to what it thinks it sees

Judging steps in shoes from a path they never walked

Shot down in a blaze over phrases, how they talk

Dark skin, walk with a bop, a trade feelin'

I'm chillin', feelin' down at a DNA crime buildin'

Supplement the youth, hypersexualizing women

They ain't got the strong enough hold, so they built a prison

Pumping false religion to all of these niggas' systems

Every voice devoid of the truth

Come on, listen

Look at this, look at this

Whatever will be will be

Like a billionaire investin' in a nigga's dreams

Certainly a head scratcher, like Pac and Big's killas capture

Or a women with the wisdom who's leadin' the way

The rarity is in the rear, but never today

Man, picture a PD lettin' good records play

On the strength of what it is, not the finesse of your biz

And your lady calls you dirty, her dirts under rugs

You'll find out only if she tells you, take her kiss and hug, cuz

In the answer for cancer in a prodigious kid's mind

Yes, the government will for learning is feed for everyone

And from that lie, your leaders will rise in the eyes

Of despair and adversity in some universal sense will be true

Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'

But whatever's gonna be will be

Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'
But whatever's gonna be will be
Some will dash to the mountain, some will crawl
And the weakest amongst them, they will fall
But the strongest in fate, they will stand tall
Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'
But whatever's gonna be will be

[Consequence:]

I just wanna feel as liberated as lions in Liberia
'Cause recently my heart turned cold as Siberia
'Cause everywhere I go, bein' cold is the criteria
Let's see how well you know all your Tribe trivia
Green and the white, we servin' that Nigeria
North side of Queens, one-nine-two is the area
This is for my dawgs from Shih Tzus to Terriers
Fuck it, it's showtime, Tip, make sure they hearin' ya

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Solid Wall Of Sound"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Elton John)

[Elton John, A Tribe Called Quest:]

Gonna hear electric music (What you gon' hear?)
Gonna hear electric music (What you gon' hear?)
Gonna hear electric music, solid walls of sound
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Pushing breaking ground, pushing breaking sound)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Tip and Phife in town, Tip and Phife in town)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, pushing breaking ground)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phife, Tip)
Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phife, Tip)
Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phife, Tip)
Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Phife, Phife)

[Phife:]

Yo, ay piece of Q, massive man crew
Bars to any beat, we beat the beat for true
Massive MC's, dem smell the pussy stew
Don't let your mother, my yout

[Q-Tip:]

I shoulda spoke up when I'm in the mode of
Leave that to me, el-Hajj Malik
The man with a plan who went for it all
Like Marauders on a mission when we killin' dancehalls

[Phife:]

Hmm, sucka boi, Trini man
Ride out when wicked in mi hand
Left all of mi fan, one, two, three dem all of di gang

[Busta Rhymes:]

Ova couple pound a weed, and a cup of donovan
Hmm, bruk pocket, find another plan

[Busta Rhymes, Q-Tip & Phife:]

Yeah, cyan dun, push up on a man
And big up the sound man
Itty bitty DJ walk

[Busta Rhymes & Phife:]

Ayo most of them ah talk
They don't want no prob, they don't want no etch a outline

Inna bloodclaat chalk

[Q-Tip:]

Early in the night when you bring out the music
With the pipers and the band kill a sound man music
Live and direct when it all goes down

[Busta Rhymes:]

Like an idiot bwoy yuh nuh wanna fuck round

[Phife:]

Big tune make the world go round

[Busta Rhymes:]

Make way fi di soundboy crowd

[Phife:]

Dem fi know we di wickedest sound

[Busta Rhymes:]

So now your face make a soundboy frown

[Elton John:]

Sound

Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound

Solid wall of sound

Sound checking, I know your ass is shaking the room

In just a few hours you're gonna feel the burn

All of the goons are checking my guns at the door

The solid wall of sound is here on tour

It's gonna get loud

So no phones aloud

It's gonna get loud

So no phones aloud

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Dis Generation"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Handle rocks with the capital G, ball on the beat
Status, Chris Paul and John Wall in the league
Grabbin' mics till the knuckles would bleed
'Cause I believe
The potent that I'm quoting will have you geeked like speed
If rationale is naturale or a weave
It's all edges and peas
Settin' press, we on a permanent steeze
I'm in a world where my princess is Leia
And she's feeling my Vader
And my lure grows greater and greater
Chem trails, droppin' poisonous vapors
Have you shaking like Gator
Been trill, nigga, process the data
Blu-ray, wave file, or a Beta, I'll DVR it for later
Kappo Masa with a G to my waiter
You can't define us, XY us, or Z us
You generational elitists
Have your chi in virtual think pieces
See, these written words are poetical science
Brain's defiant, thoughts heavy, baby
They're a major appliance
Leave a dent when drop with the flyness, fluent giant
Dude's nice, he tight, screwed in with some pliers
Cool with some buyers
Yeah, nigga, cool with some growers
Never no tattletales, only I don't knowers
We a show me generation, show us what you gon' show us
So listen, mami, see we could collude with a boing
Mouthpiece like Goines, with a jubilant noise
Dudes rude and as useless as coins, shoot 'em boys
Versed in, rehearsed in the soothing of loins
Talk to Joey, Earl, Kendrick, and Cole, gatekeepers of flow
They are extensions of instinctual soul
It's the highest in commodity grade
And you could get it today

Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Rules di nation

One hitting reading pages of Poe
Telly is low, cuddle bunny ready to go
Day of the dead
Bury all the zombies instead
And it's just your aftermath, Busta cuttin' your dreads

Bruce Leein' niggas, while you niggas UFC
Smoke tree on niggas, sizzle out your USB
Surge pricing on these Ubers, I'mma get me a cab
Yo, where Jarobi at? Imbibing on impeccable grass
I be in NYC waiting for that law to pass
Pass shit, been waiting for a Jet's title since last
Richard Todd, Todd Bowles, gang green on that ass
Magic Mike on the mic, David Blain, Douglass Henning
In the church of Busta Rhymes, it's my sermon you're getting
Horizontal spittin', I'm the exorcist of your writtens
Don't interrupt me, nigga, sorry, that's a sin unforgiven
Like how we be skipping on beats like cooking crack in the kitchen
B-b-b-b-b-but wait
Just spit the package, dry it, bag up the wet
This mad city's not a game, easy, quiet on set, Phife
Student of the past trailblazing a daze
Not acknowledging a trend or swept up in a phase
We still the highest of commodity grade
And you could get it, get it, get it, get it today

Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Rules di nation

This is our generation, generation, uh huh, yeah
This our generation, generation, uh huh
This our generation, generation, uh huh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Kids..."

(feat. André 3000)

[André 3000:]

I ain't even gon' lie, I was probably high
Just forgot to call you back, simple as that
I ain't no almanac, so lick my dictionary
I might just call a cab 'cause I dig canary
Yellow accents on a dark bitch
I met her back when she kept all her carpet
I'm well aware all that shit is fantasy
I double dare y'all to fuck your plan B
That's demeanor, momma's mannerisms
That mean, don't mean to get vulgar, but it's some
Hoes in this bitch like a box of donuts
It's cold out in this bitch, standing on the corner
Condolences to niggas that got erased
I pour out some liquor on a cop's grave
Mmm, digital church bells
Ringin' 'cross the street, sure work well

[André 3000 & (Q-Tip):]

(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)
Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)

[Q-Tip:]

I don't wanna get up now, I don't wanna go to school
I don't wanna be the best, don't wanna follow rules
Mom, I think you fuckin' lied to me
Three stacks said all this shit is fantasy
It's my time, gon' put a little life to it
If life's a obstacle then I'mma bike through it
I see it like a kiddie on the carousel
If I 'url while I go around, what the hell
And that went well, so I'm compelled
To have visions of getting chicken while my friends get jel
My young nigga motto was, "Fuck it, I'm already grown"
And I dream of when I'm sixteen, I'm out my home
That petty though, 'cause my mama boyfriend dough
It's kinda long like this old head hustle, yo
He cognizant of a nigga ride and die
I see us getting money through my green eyes

[Andre 3000 & (Q-Tip):]

(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)

[André 3000 & Q-Tip:]

Yeah, all the kids, all the what, uh
Yeah, all the badass kids, uh
Kids, say I'm the shit
I'm Chick-fil-A nuggets, McDonald's french fries
The spicy Popeye's and Red Lobster biscuits
And girls scout thin mints
Pardon my penmanship, but oh shit
Feel like I'm hungry now again
And I can't do nothing about it because my teeth are all rotted
And my mom and my pop, they just grin
And empathize with me 'cause they were little like Pygmies
But too bad they can't get back they 'member whens
Them grown-up stories don't work
In the court of the kiddies', the judgement is in
And while y'all doing all y'all your bids, y'all reminisce as kids
Fuck it, kids, the grown-ups won't own up
They stood on the corner
Like you once upon a, time
And probably felt like a loner
And smelled like a stoner, and snuck to Daytona
So when they questioning you 'bout who or who you ain't boning
Complaining that you always moaning
Never saying good morning
Storming out my house
And slamming doors like you paying bills
They been through it too, though
They were kids like you, though
But what if they knew though
And hit you with the cheat code
To a game you just start playing, no extra man
Leave you reckless on the court
With no high percentage shot
Just a bunch of, "You got 'em, nigga, just give it what you got"
Yeah, it look a little different on a yacht
But ain't gon' lie, I miss kayaking
I love the young niggas, and they do too, they just be acting
Like a bunch of retired tired thespians, a bit too salty
Shit, their blood pressure high, why?
They don't play no more, probably

[André 3000:]

(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Melatonin"

I said I really dream in color, but (they don't know)
And every brother ain't a brother, but (they don't know)
Pop melatonin like they Swedish Fish (they don't know)
To give her everything's my dying wish (they don't know)
Roleplay, she plays the mannequin (they don't know)
Raising my hand, teacher says "Not again" (they don't know)
The sun is up, but I feel down again (they don't know)
On just one hand, I can count all my friends (they don't know)

The understudy for the star, the show must go on
I'm a beast on a leash, I'm towed from the lawn
Another notch in my belt, the food's getting scarce
Another notch in my belt, she shakes up the stairs
Drink liquid confidence to kill the czar defense
Get rid of this tense, it makes life make sense
'Cause I come off the fence and break through defense
Anxiety is on the ropes and it's gettin' intense

Population gettin' tired now (they don't know)
Everybody wants to spire now (they don't know)
Racist emails fire out (they don't know)
We did it in the dark, it's coming out (they don't know)
The world is crazy and I cannot sleep, but (they don't know)
The melatonin good enough to eat, but (they don't know)
I read the papers so that I can see what (they don't know)
I rather stay indoors and make a beat, but (they don't know)

My mother said a lotta lives were shooting
Her Bible was like her toolie
PZ-headed and unruly, I made her think she got to me
Follow in the trail of reefer and niggas talking through speakers
Fattest laces through my sneakers, and rap is for ghetto preachers
Thought I had it so I tried it, for so long I would just hide it
Then I made the crowds say "Oh," smoking more, get excited
I was hooked, I couldn't shake it, the more I got, I would take it
Couldn't sleep, couldn't eat, but this life, I would not forsake it

I said I really dream in color, now (they don't know)
And every brother ain't a brother, now (they don't know)
Pop melatonin like they Swedish Fish (they don't know)
To give her everything's my dying wish (they don't know)

So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind

Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
Guess I should take one, just one

This one for good girls that all gone bad (just one)
This one, I'll take it when I feel sad (just one, yeah)
This one, I'll take it to make me strong (just one)
This one, I'll take it so that I'll live long (just one, yeah)
This one, I'll take it to make me smile (just one)
This one, I'll take it to make life worthwhile (just one)
This one and that one and those and these (just one)
I just want to sleep, I want to be at ease (just one)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Enough!!"

Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough?

Yo, I'm savant with the game
Go on, tell 'robi yo' name
Provide words that's heard, setting your body aflame
Ooh, you off the chain, I'm handling your terrain, your valley
Has me standing down to the follicle
'Bout half of this bottle full of reasons for us to ball
Calming violations and travel vacations, ma
Place on your fancy bra, go take them vestments off
Skin and my lips involved with licking a place that's on
Jedi

Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Enough, enough, enough

Is it an issue if I make you nut?
But there's no quality time 'cause I forever grind
This is not an excuse, I just wanna get loose
That's some nigga jargon, girl, you're making me harden
To the stone and granite statue, I'm prone to get at you
It's hard to break your defense, I guess I have to leap fence
And scale wall and break fall on a tree right by your window
Reward me for my efforts by rolling this indo
As I nibble your neck naughtily, sex is a big part of me
Agencies want to audit me, searches in for sodomy
My thrust bust artery, I know you're on to me
Just wanna have shenanigan, don't wanna make you mad again
So focus on the flattery you feel when I fring it
Acknowledge that I got it and you love it when I bring it
Dirty talk loud but they saying, "Fuck this shit"
At the queen's request, if it's gotta be, it's gotta be

Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?

Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Is this enough?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mobius"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Consequence)

[Consequence:]

I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills
Dream about Bugattis and other four-wheels
They say Illuminati and other ordeals
Is how my lawyer got me to avoid a raw deal
And now it's more real than it is for any other star
And that's enough to have you tearing up the mini-bar
I should probably get awards when the Emmys are
For how I deal with the path like Remy Ma
I get in the car like a sniper's on the roof now
But don't confuse how you see me, have to move now
I got bars like the cypher's in the booth now
Ooo, child, things are gonna get easier
'Long as they get my page right on Wikipedia
'Long as they say my name right in the media
If you don't, that's a sin like Cincinnati
'Cause ever since I had the polo suit at the Grammys
I been spittin' at the camera like Trick Daddy
So swag, he could have broke up with IG
I ain't surprised that they broke up on IG
I got the game on IV
Might as well have a live feed
Keep a fresh cut from Aunt B
So I always match the picture in my ID
They packin' Dub C and run with MAC 10
I was still a baby Similac then
And what the crack era did to black men
It had to be an error if you had a Cadillac then

[Busta Rhymes:]

How I rock mine, I throw it up
Makin' sure that you niggas all are on the same page
Powerful force, you better look both ways
Fuck that, I'm chokin' niggas, it's goin' down
I'm from a different cloth, we the oracles of the sound
Skip town, hit 'em with impeccable pound
Lost, found, the way I flood it, niggas gon' drown
Rip shit...oh, wait, wait, wait, wait...
I gotta do it again, I gotta do it again
You already know the script, roundhouse kick
She lookin' at me, lickin' her lip
Put my arm around her like a bowl of chip with the dip
With your bitch, what the fuck, niggas erupt
I got the half moon clip, that's banana, a good planner
A new anger like a larger Bruce Banner, out the house
Nigga, if you open your mouth

Damn, nigga, if you open you mouth
Fuck the press, I'm leavin' every room in a mess
Like herds of bulls with they aprons on and bakin' soda
Keep it movin', keep the convo short and bring a case of Henny
House of Pain, I control many
House of lies, where niggas go run, hide
Peep the way the scribe conflict with they real lives
(Nigga) Phonetic shit, we go bizarre
Bad news for niggas as I go emphatical, radical
Mention no animals, roamin' like a czar
Every time I blah for the record, the shit splatter
The whole data, no bullshit, the boom bapper
I pull the gat up, whip the ship, come to bat up
When I pull up too niggas even your momma goin' scatter

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Black Spasmodic"

(feat. Consequence)

Yo, y'all ready?
Yo, Phife, you ready?
Cons, you got that part right?
I dunno but it don't matter who choose to set it off
ATCQ, no doubt my niggas is boss
Little half-ass rappers, y'all pissin' me off
Time to dead 'em all off, yo, no matter the cause

[Consequence:]

(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers
(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up a buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Now look what he does to any challenger

Now who want it with the Trini gladiator?
The finger to you haters, you biters not innovators
I take zero for granted, I honors my gift
Champion pen game, plus I'm freestyle equipped
You clowns be bum sauce, speak my name, it's curtains
Hamdulillāh my crew's back to workin'
Trash rap the dead pussy, kill the turban
Fuck boys, sit down, shit can only get worsen
How do you touch mic with flows uncertain?
Speak game tribal, that flow ain't workin'
Folks doin' items, dem vex and cursin'
Fuck made me wanna see these niggas in person
Third song in, muthafuckas dispersin'
Only to realize Gana loose in the buildin'
Big tune this for man, woman and children
Back on my bullshit, Busta bust then we kill them

[Consequence:]

(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers

My nigga's spirit be talkin' to me, let me explain
Not through evil mediums, tarot cards or Ouija games
But through mixing chords and boards and even drum machines
He be saying, "Nigga fuck awards, keep reppin' Queens
And don't be taking slack from these non-rapping niggas, man

That intellectual shit you spit, you better change your plan
Especially when you see them at the lobby of a label
And they don't seem able to outstretch they hands and admit they fans
You better flame 'em in the J's that they standing in
Ostracize they memory for not remembering
The articles reduce their body parts to particles
And dust the Dead Sea with their cremated molecules
I'm leaving, but nigga you still got the work to do
I expect the best from you, I'm watching from my heaven view
Don't disappoint me, make sure that they anoint me
As the blue ribbon pedigree, the best of show five-foot-three
Speak of the legacy for short people around the world
Napoleonic bionic people who cause the world to twirl
Rip every stage with grace, look right dead in they face
Live the Tribe principle of havin' impeccable taste
Enjoy that breath like that one was your last one left
If you don't believe me, Tip, there's truly life after death
So refer to the Biggie covers and shoutout my Trini brothers
And please check in on my mother," Malik Izaak, call me shorty

[Consequence:]

(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers
(Black)
(Spasmodic)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Killing Season"

(feat. Consequence, Kanye West, & Talib Kweli)

[Talib Kweli:]

Winter in America, never knew white Christmas
'Cause elves said the squares is always making my shit list
Spring is in the air and all the flowers in bloom
The powers that be wanna devour the movement
Tears disappear when they fall in the summer rain
Bleedin' through this mic, but they call it entertainment
Running across stages is a drug
It's like a blunt that we crumple in raw papers
Call it the Lord's name cause we taking it in our veins
Like the feeding us intravenous
It's war and we fighting for inches and millimetres
Try to stall the progress by killing off all the leaders
If we don't give them martyrs no more, they can't defeat us
This lack of justice got us disgusted, look at our faces
All these soldiers hate but I saw military training
The force flags fly at a half mast this morning
Take a bow, this might be your last performance

[Kanye West:]

They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya [x8]

[Consequence:]

The old lady saw us on the lawn with the Henny
Turn the pool party into the one from McKinney
Might've been racist like the waitresses up at Denny's
So we had twelve gauges, automatics, and semis
Now they wanna condemn me for my freedom of speech
'Cause I see things in black and white like Lisa and Screech
Presidents get impeached and others fill in the throne
But veterans don't get the benefit of feelin' at home
So maybe those projections out at Silicon
Over dro they getting injections made of silicone
I swear it's the killing season
'Cause killin' is still in season yea

[Jarobi:]

Louder than a three pound, voices screaming at ya boo
It must be killing season, on the menu, strange fruit
Whose juices fill the progress of this here, very nation
Whose states has grown bitter, through justice expiration
These fruitful trees are rooted in bloody soil and torment
Things haven't really changed, been dormant for the moment
Marks and scars, we own it, only makes for tougher skin
Helps us actualize the actual greatness held within
Been on the wrong team so much, can't recognise a win

Seems like my only crime is having melanin
Connection to the sun so strong the relationship is lusted for
Causes meant to suffocate, I can't breathe no more
Settle the score sadly, need an abacus to tally
Through all the peaks and valleys, yo, I recognize them sadly
Black soul old enough, inner city holdin' up
Watch me get all my goons, watch us get soldiered up

[Kanye West:]
They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya [x8]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Lost Somebody"

(feat. Katia Cadet)

Yeah, Phife—for your life

Now, in the time when niggas wasn't supposed to be born
Best of us are left for dead in cities that looks war-torn
 Vietnam going wrong, heroin going strong
Neighbors would whoop that bad ass
 Just for running through their lawn
 Walt met Cheryl, Cheryl met Walt
 Trinidadian love sprouting through the asphalt
Love was consummated and the angels registered
 Two were to be born but only one of 'em made it
 Inside a cloud of sorrow, a silver lining and joy
It's a bouncing baby boy, a king's name they would employ
 And before he even squeaks, it's decided it's Malik
 Now give him hope, give him care
 Raise him while his grandma there
 Watch out momma, if you stare
 Light brown eyes'll keep you there
 Let's progress the story just a little bit
Malik, I would treat you like little brother that would give you fits
Sometimes overbearing though I thought it was for your benefit
 Despite all the spats and shits cinematically documented
The one thing I appreciate, you and I, we never pretended
 Rhymes we would write it out, hard times fight it out
 Gave grace face to face, made it right
 And now you riding out, out, out, out, damn

Have you ever loved somebody?

(Phife dawg, man)

Way before you got to dream?

(Bow wow, woof woof)

No more crying, he's in sunshine

Never thought that I would be ever writing this song
Hold friends tight, never know when those people are gone
 So, so beautiful, opined indisputable
Heart of a largest lion trapped inside the little dude
Took me quick to granny house, now we eat the curry food
 Talking hopes, dreams, plans, leak ice, never scared
 Brand new pair of Nike Airs, avenue of sairs
 Mailbox mayors, all our rhymes was written there
 A nigga wanna battle, you know Phifey didn't care
 Jarobi with the beat, into new ass we tear
 I'mma flash forward well, took a trip to ATL
Cooking in the kitchen making sure my nigga eating well
 Wedding in Tobago, you know exactly where I'm at

Standing on the side of black Malik Izaak

Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more cry

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Movin Backwards"

(feat. Anderson .Paak)

[Jarobi:]

I hope my legendary style of rap lives on
A-fixed to the Earth like my feet, they got cleats on
I'm moving backwards, never that was never the plan
Pushing shit along, render stillness in the quick sand
Asphalt jumpin', junkie lyrical, concrete
My Jedi mind be moving me
Throughout the many dark streets
Backwoods, boondocks, whatever terrain
Auf Wiedersehen, Aloha, man our feet ain't the same
I won't abuse these shoes, these shoes ain't made for reversing
Then trudging through these motherfuckers' first album Footprinting, never ever ghostwritten, yo' shit free, bitten
Grab my shit with both hands, iron grip, steel mitten
Bloviated, Jarobi ate it and now it's gone
Closed mouths don't get fed or move ahead
To my hustlers with customers, scam my chicks just being petty
Trap lords with the fetty, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
Don't do it, nigga

[Anderson .Paak:]

I spun around without a care
When I stopped, I felt lost
I'm two heels from the top tier
Really want to be boss
I figured it out, figured it out somewhere
Maybe the answer's not out there
Maybe it's on the ground somewhere
When I stopped, I felt lost
Do you ever feel lost?

They wanna see my downfall
Turn a good day into a downpour
Thorns in the crown hit the cross I bear
Why they wanna see me hangin' like a towel somewhere
One eye, two bills, three tears, a heart still
How I'm feelin' in my mind right here
Think I'm moving, I ain't going nowhere, nowhere
Maybe why I feel lost, yeah
How I'm 'posed to know how home feels?
I ain't even on my home field
And again I feel lost
Was not a cruise that brought us here, again I feel lost
And I refuse to be stuck right here, yeah

I don't want to move backwards, no
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me direction?
I don't want to move backwards, no
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me directions?
I don't want to move backwards, no

[Q-Tip:]

Moving backwards never, that was never the plan
Can I vent? I was content being my own man
Up until that night ill-fated, walking home I was faded
Po puts braces on my wrist like he was clapping his hands
How demeaning, y'all? Who could be blind to racism?
Bring bro bro to me for the brotherly baptism
Instead of slaps, give him the dose of Ab wisdom
He'll make it out of the jungle some way
Hey, it's figurative, not a real place you stay
Ay, it's mind state filled with muck and malaise
Uh, I got direction without using Waze
Submitting myself to praying these days
Yeah, moonwalking backwards, it's only for stage

[Anderson .Paak & (Q-Tip & Anderson .Paak)]

Feds lining up in riot gear
And everybody's hands in the air
Four-five so get your ass found somewhere
Caught between hope and despair
Say it loud, what it take to make my niggas listen
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Cool out, chill out nigga, I'm cool
Cool out nigga, nah, nigga I'm through
Head down, ain't no tellin' what you gon' do
(Somebody just give me—
Somebody just give me—
Somebody just give me direction
I don't want to move backwards, no
Cops killing us niggas everywhere
Maybe we should get some guns too)
She come around every now and a few
(Man, I hope she really loves you)
Living high ain't hard to do
(She'll be in the clouds somewhere
Feeling fresh, I strut your bitches out of here
Might even take your broad too
Oops, I'm 'bout to get kicked out here
Tell mama I'mma slide through)
Stealer, I'm trying to get out of here
But stuck up in the same room

(Too many open miles in here
Sick of eating out at drive through)

Hahaha, look at this motherfucker

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Conrad Tokyo"

(feat. Kendrick Lamar)

[Phife Dawg:]

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Just done mash a show, Dawg is off on sabbatical
Rather watch the Nixon shit than politicians politic
CNN and all this shit, gwaan yo, move with the fuckery

Trump and the SNL hilarity

Troublesome times kid, no times for comedy

Blood clot, you doing, bullshit you spewing

As if this country ain't already ruined

In lieu of these mumbling, fumbling

Swearing they're the greatest

Online they debate us, if we different, then we're haters

We ended our hiatus, the dogs looking for food

The nucleus is here now (ooo)

[Kendrick Lamar:]

Toleration for devastation, got a hunger for sin

Every nation Obama nation, let the coroner in

Crooked faces, red and blue laces for the color of men

Just embrace it and die alone, song of Revelation

Reverends and cattles racing

Devils and demons and Deuteronomy

Fumigate our economy, 'lluminate broken dreams

And manifest all insanity, look around

Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground

[A Tribe Called Quest & (Kendrick Lamar):]

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

[A Tribe Called Quest:]

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

[Guitar Solo: Jack White]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Ego"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Katia Cadet)

Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
Ego, ego

I got one, you got one, and now we equal
Sometimes it makes you trip out on your people
Sometimes it has connotations of evil
Sometimes niggas call on it when they need to
It's called the ego

Ay, it's hard to really make the subject positively stated

Some may hate it and some may overrate it

It's a top story and you rarely see a trend

So all you psychoanalysts, pull out your pad and pen
It's called the ego

Come up with an idea, and no one seems to get it

Then every time you mention it

They stare like you're two-headed

But one day, in your cubicle, your idea really comes to view
Your boss is walking by, he sees it too and he takes it from you

She put you on the aces of all the stripper places

And has the kinda clientele where niggas trick off very well
You beg her and you plead her and you tuck away your ego

She knows you need the chicken

And you know that she's your people

They call you fat and lazy, your commentary crazy

They photoshop your face on a box of McCormick gravy
And now that inner voice, that ego, making you get wavy

Change your diet, hit the gym

And say, "What were you saying to me?"

The ego makes you do it, it makes you face the music

Or run away from life so fast that you'll outsprint Carl Lewis
It has you think your deceptive ways of being are the truest

Had the prettiest brown eyes but you change them shits to the bluest
It's the ego

Ooo, Jack White

Ooo, Jack White

A celebrated genius, my dick game is the meanest
I'll take the girl that's augmented, new me is invented
I'll take the biggest house in Calabassas
Anyone for Michael Phelps swimming classes?
You need it when you're balling, equally when you're falling
Or when those kids in school on your locker
They get to scrawling

Epithets that's racist is stupid and mean in nature
Something that can make you feel stronger when people hate ya
 Ego make you violent or govern like a tyrant
 Or switch a dictionary's word from vibrant to vivrant
 Fool the thirsty people, selling tap water in bottles
 Fooled a girl with NYU scholarship and now she models
 Ego has no ending, has people pretending
Religious zealots get jealous 'cause guys want their defending
 This is the last Tribe and our ego hopes that you felt us
 And closing for our ego, we know only God can help us

Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
 Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
 Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
 Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
 Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
 Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Donald"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Busta Rhymes:]

Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Nuff ting, that's why me had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Them no say, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Good shit, 'cause you a mastermind that cook up
Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Nuff ting, that's why me had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Them no say, respect Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know on the one and twos
Give me that w-w-wait, damn, that's the one part I, alright, let me say
Phife Dawg, I know you on the one and twos
Give me a zooguh zooguh and do exactly what you do
Tribe Called Quest, you see them back with one another
Ayo, Busa' Bus', them don't want no problem, brotha

[Phife Dawg:]

Phife Dawg legend, you could call me Don Juice
I'm the shit right now, what, you need to see proof?
Recently on the internet they chatting
Taking polls, debating who could win in battle rapping
Let's make it happen, these cyber flows already par
No subliminals, with me you know who the fuck you are
Who wanna spar? Haha, well, here I are
Orthodox spitter or bring on the southpaw
No doubt I'mma set it, dudes best be ready
Off top on the spot, no reading from your Whackberry
Leave the iPhones home, skill sets must be shown
I'mma show you the real meaning of the danger zone, huh
I got it sewn, eh speak to all clones
Untouchable in my zone, watch it, don't leave him alone
Fuck your ass cheek flows with bars sweeter than scones
Put down microphone

[Q-Tip:]

Yes, yes, he the wrong ones to fuck with
No matter what the day
He could catch you on his plane or the one you on today
Visit niggas in their dreams
And make them scream of bloody murder
He's a Trini gladiator, ain't no need to take it further
If you wanna take it further your Huckleberry is here
Doctor of your holiday, Wyatt Earp ya like the tears
We gon' celebreate him, elevate him, papa had to levitate him

Give him his and don't debate him
Top dog is the way to rate him

[Outro:]

Don Juice, Don Juice, Don Juice
Phife Dawg what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brother (Don Juice)
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Phife Dawg, Don Juice
Phife Dawg what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha (Don Juice)
Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha (Don Juice)
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Phife Dawg